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THE "DISTINCTION" OF LONGFELLOW.

A few seasons ago, when a celebrated trans-Atlantic pianist returned to America for the first extended tour that he had undertaken here in a number of years, an Olympian critic bitterly complained because of his placing upon his programmes certain of the compositions of Mendelssohn. "An artist," the reviewer wrote, "acclaimed the first of living pianists, owes it to his public to offer it something of greater distinction than outmoded specimens of an invertebrate art which, in these days, should be consecrated to the young ladies' boarding-schools and not obtruded upon the mature musical intelligence," — or words to that effect. But there was balm left in Gilead. For not long afterward another eminent trans-Atlantic virtuoso who visited these shores offered to the public a "tone-poem" in which a contemporary composer had endeavored to depict the emotions which the passage of a reverberant express-train over an evidently rudimentary railway had aroused within his breast. Tumultuous indeed was the resultant repercussion, and correspondingly surging was the enthusiasm of our critic, who asserted with conviction, almost with passion — or as near passion as an Olympian critic may allow himself to betray,— that the public (very obviously of "mature musical intelligence") was vastly indebted to the executant for his interpretation of this distinguished example of the new art-forms with which modern pianistic literature was being enriched.

We can never sufficiently marvel, I think, at the critical capacity to take its artistic pleasures painfully. From modern art it seems, preferably, to demand a paralyzing punch upon the solar plexus, after which it most delights in being dragged by the heels to the topmost turret of the artist's ivory tower and violently precipitated therefrom. The critical anatomy being admittedly indestructible, it then, having gathered itself together and picked itself up, hastens off to blacken paper to the effect that it has been its privilege to assist at a most distinguished performance.

"Distinguished!" — potent word! "I think — therefore I am," said Descartes. "It is dis-

tinguished — therefore it is," says the Olympian critic of poem, painting, or polyphony — of anything that aspires to consideration as an artistic achievement. "Y-e-e-s," feebly assents the bourgeois bystander (who, as we all know, forms the indispensable background of Olympian criticism), shuddering lest he make a mistake, "but how am I to know what is distinguished from what is n't?" "How indeed?" is the response. "To be frank, you cannot. But I am here to instruct you. Follow me, and possibility of error is eliminated. For instance —." And the next lesson ensues.

I have just been studying one of these lessons, and I confess to a doubt — to a doubt that swells to a suspicion — of the infallibility of my Mentor; who, in this case, is discussing the poet Longfellow. To be particular, he is offering what he terms a "Portrait of Longfellow"; and, as the finishing touch thereof, he pronounces him to have been, as a poet, utterly destitute of "distinction." Of Longfellow the man something different, he thinks, may be averred. One can even discern that he is rather pleased to be able to record that Longfellow was, humanly speaking, a truly distinguished gentleman; and he bestows on him various approving phrases which must, to his benignant shade in its serene place upon Parnassus, be indeed most comforting. But of Longfellow the poet —! Up go the Olympian eyebrows; the Olympian nostrils dilate, and very palpably they sniff; and the Olympian hand, with a weary gesture, altogether eliminates the author of "My Lost Youth," "Palingenesis," and "A Psalm of Life" from his distinguished consideration. It is done with an assured inexorability that is final. But — if the reader happens to have a portrait of Longfellow hanging upon his library wall (as some bourgeois readers who have not yet balanced themselves upon the most vertiginous aiguilles of the New Parnassus possibly still have) he will raise his eyes to the pictured face and, as I have said, he will have his doubts, and his doubts will swell into suspicions. But not suspicions of Longfellow,— suspicions of the Olympian and oh, so distinguished, critic!

In my opening paragraph I alluded to a composer — Mendelssohn; for, as I ponder his case and that of Longfellow, I find between them a quite predicable parallelism: in their lives and works, the places which, in their respective pantheons, they occupy, and, above all, the "distinction" which, in Olympian estimation, they enjoy — or, rather, lack! It is not, necessarily, complete, for such parallels never can be; still, the seeker for similitude will not fail to discover it should he compare the music of Mendelssohn with the poetry of Longfellow. Both are characterized by a spontaneous purity, sincerity, and sweetness, an exquisitely poignant emotional sensibility, an innate serenity and inimitable because quite unaffected grace; by fineness of fibre, delicacy of timbre, and instinctive avoidance of things repulsive and repellent. Both poet and composer possessed effortless mastery of their technical resources, and are notable for the ease at which they sustained themselves at their own levels and the rarity with which, appreciably, they fell below them. Each is devoid of eroticism but instinct with love, as we contrast it with the implications of passion, though in this respect Longfellow's range is wider and his touch more vibrant. As their accomplishments were similar, so also were their limitations — limitations from which they themselves would never have presumed to claim exemption, for their unpretentiousness was complete, the "immodesty of genius" being foreign to their natures. Both also possessed extraordinary personal charm, and they remain incontestably among the best-beloved makers of music and poetry that yet have lived. If this *correspondance* has never before enforced itself, take down your Longfellow and re-read "Voices of the Night" and others of those so familiar and so felicitous lyrics, and then once more scan the scores or harken to the audible music of "Songs without Words"; turn again the leaves of "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," or "The Golden Legend," and then recall the harmonies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, "Fingal's Cave," "Sea-Calm and Happy Voyage," or "Elijah."

It has become one of the established canons of Olympian criticism to depreciate both the poet and the composer. But this depreciation, while it may be "distinguished," cannot degrade them; because, happily enough, both Longfellow and Mendelssohn wrote, not for critics, but for lovers of poetry and music. It merely indicates, in the depreciators, a lack of sympathy, an insensibility, a delimitation, a sort of tone-deafness, for which they are, after

all, most to be pitied. To the lover of Longfellow and Mendelssohn, it may become rather tiresome at times, and rather sad; until he remembers that nowadays the beaker of art is not dipped, ordinarily, into the Castalian spring, but filled from a siphon — or even from a beer-pump! There is a great deal of fizz and foam at its brim and something (usually bitter) beneath, to be gulped down at a single swallow lest it gag the thirsting — soul I was going to say, but perhaps throat would be more accurate. There is also a great deal of fizz and foam in what I may call the Neo- or Beyond-Olympian criticism now flourishing; to one of whose oracles we owe the statement (in a brand-new volume of superior finality) that Longfellow's voice is that of — "a barrel-organ"! An example of tone-deafness not so piteous as it is out of all whooping.

The Olympian — or, more correctly, the Brahminical — critic is much given to fulminating against those who discuss one of the arts in terms of another. To him music, let us say, is music, and poetry is poetry, and it is quite a monstrous thing to mix or mingle them in any way. But one making no pretensions to the critical estate, who began writing about a poet by referring to a musician, may be allowed to pursue his parallel between the two. It may be recalled, then, that Hans von Bülow, who was, in his early career, one of the original Wagnerian propagandists, and, in his latter days, was among the first to hail with enthusiasm the compositions of Richard Strauss, pronounced Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" as immortally classical as the lyrics of Goethe. Similarly, I chanced to read, not long ago, the verdict of a critic of like breadth and catholicity, who pronounced the lyrics and sonnets of Longfellow the most enduringly classical poetry to which America has yet given birth.

I am well aware that the use of the adjective "classical" causes many people to see red, metaphorically speaking. That is, if I may be permitted a Celticism, they see something which they think ought to be red but from which, they imagine, all vestiges of color have carefully been removed and life replaced by petrifaction. Which is, indeed, most lamentable, most melancholy. Because, on account of this unfortunate habit of mind they are missing, in a literary sense, half their lives! If they only knew what a classic, a true classic, really is! How infinitely precious, how perennially pleasure-giving, how perdurably, thrillingly, sentiently alive! Why cannot they emulate Mr. Pennell, who finds first Pittsburgh and then the Parthenon subjects that inspire him to the production of masterpieces?

In Longfellow's case it happens, as a further curious commentary, that this so purely and so surely "classical" poet has been, since first his voice was lifted, the chosen singer of youth. If you will turn to the newly published volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's "Interpretations of Literature" — an unexpected retrieval of gold and gems from the grave — you will there find a chapter on Longfellow which, coming as it does from a man recognized as the finest literary artist identified with modern American literature and one of the finest ever identified with any, should give some of the depreciators pause; so replete is it with reverence, with love, and with appreciation. In its course Hearn says that the boy who does not love Longfellow is, in a vital way, deficient in poetical sympathy; and that a man who, having loved Longfellow in his youth, afterward depreciates and sneers at him, is defective in his organization. To be sure, this was written some fifteen years ago,— which, as time goes nowadays in the Garden of Poesy, is a very long while. Would Hearn's *rapport* with Longfellow have found such unequivocal expression had it been granted him to survive another decade and witness what it has brought? Was it his misfortune to pass from the literary scene before its poetical structures began to be erected in the Perpendicular Style; before the gargoyle had become greater than the cathedral, the mascaron more than the vase; before the organ was supplanted by the steam-calliope and the harp by the horse-fiddle? Or was it rather incalculably his good fortune? I will not pretend to say. But of this I am sure,— that youth, in its essence, is unchanging, immortal. What it has always loved, that it will always continue to love. And those of us who are so happy as to retain our youthfulness of spirit, our early sensitiveness and sympathy, to the "grand climacteric" and beyond, will continue to cherish the poetry of Longfellow in our hearts, irrespective of the dicta of Olympian criticism. For what is the necessity of "distinction" to that which we love?

JOHN L. HERVEY.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

EXCESSES OF FRENCH NATIONALISM.— THE ATTACKS ON ROMAIN ROLLAND AND COMTE DE GOBINEAU.— A FRENCH-AMERICAN POET, THE LATE STUART MERRILL.— AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN HAY.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

One of the greatest misfortunes of the present war is the check which it has given to the expansion, so well under way, of a sane internationalism and the consequent increased development which it has given to a narrow, excessive, unhealthy, military nationalism. Two striking examples of this evil present themselves at this moment in the world of French letters. I refer to the attacks on and defence of Romain Rolland and Comte de Gobineau now going on, even beyond the boundaries of France, in reviews, newspapers, and conversations.

Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the person who has done most to make Romain Rolland known is Dr. Paul Seippel, a Swiss Protestant literary critic, born in Geneva but now professor at the Zurich Federal Polytechnic School, who has travelled in America and written a book on our country. It should be noted that "Jean-Christophe" is more appreciated in Switzerland than in France; and when some two years ago the French Academy awarded it the Literature Prize, Dr. Seippel published a triumphant article which did not have its equal in France. Now, Dr. Seippel is the author of another book which has made a certain noise, "Les Deux Frances," in which he shows that he neither understands nor values what he calls "la France noire," — that is, catholic and traditionalist France, nor "la France rouge," — that is, revolutionary and free-thinking France. So when Professor Seippel praises a French writer, one may conclude that this writer represents an exceptional France, which is neither "black" nor "red," — a writer who cannot be completely liked or comprehended in the France of to-day and who, consequently, must feel himself rather out of place in his own country. So here may be found the cause of much of the criticism to which Romain Rolland is subjected at this moment, and the cause also of many of his own acts which have increased this tendency to find fault with him.

Let me give some specimens of these criticisms, which I take from letters to me or from conversations, of course with the permission of the writers or speakers. M. Jean Finot, editor of "La Revue," says:

"It does not suffice to be virtuous; one must also act virtuously. But Romain Rolland has done everything to produce the contrary effect. At the beginning of the war, he could claim to be ignorant of its causes and its authors. At that time he could write with serenity 'Au-dessus de la Mêlée.' But the invasion of Belgium and the divulging of the diplomatic documents should have made it impossible for him to remain any longer at Geneva, far from France which needed all her sons. His plain duty was to aid in creating the atmosphere of heroism necessary for the triumph of the cause of humanity. But he preferred to shut himself up in his ivory tower and sow doubts as to the beauty and the grandeur of the efforts of the Allies. I am quite ready to believe in his sincerity, but I deplore the way in which he shows it. If he is unable to discover the motives and the meaning of the grand international tragedy, he might at least keep still. But he is guilty, unintentionally, of the crime of demoralizing a group of youths who, influenced by his quasi-heroic attitude, show an unseeming indifference as to the consequences of the war, which in the end must be the triumph of good or evil, the saving or the loss of humanity."

The only child of the late Père Hyacinthe, Lieutenant Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, whose mother and wife were, by the way, both Americans, and who is now an interpreter in the army, has been especially severe on Romain Rolland. His "Un Appel à Romain Rolland," in "La Revue" for November, is one of the strongest arraignments of Rolland that has appeared. Its spirit is summed up in these lines which I have just received from Le Havre, where Lieutenant Loyson is at present:

"I have long loved and admired Romain Rolland, and it is for this that I deplore more than most persons that the folly of pride has precipitated him into the absurd. By remaining outside of his native land during the war and by refusing in what he writes — he alone, he absolutely alone, of all men of all parties — to proclaim the good right of France, he has magnificently proved this right."

Lieutenant Loyson is about to publish "Etes-vous Neutres devant le Crime?" (Paris: Berger-Levrault), an answer to "Au-dessus de la Mêlée." At the head of the volume will appear the following letter from Emile Verhaeren, which I am here able to make public for the first time and which shows plainly how this well-known Belgian poet stands in the Rolland controversy:

"All that I wrote in 'La Belgique Sanglante' shows how happy I am, in these dark days when right is sabered by the reiters and cuffed by the emperors, to offer you a proof of my esteem. The present war is a wicked war. It is aimed at the highest and the proudest ideals set up on this earth by men since they have thought and worked for the public weal. It should be hated; there

should be no tergiversation in the name of a cold and culpable neutrality. One's hands should not hold scales when the adversary holds a sword. I am consequently with you, and, notwithstanding all the friendship which I have for Romain Rolland, I will not permit myself to take the side of his error."

Some of his French critics have gone so far as to liken Rolland's case to that of Dom Morin, a French priest now residing in Munich, who has come out squarely for the Germans. But this is very unfair to Rolland, as Dom Morin's case is wholly different. He is one of those ecclesiastics who look upon the Church as their true country, superior to their terrestrial country; so, when the separation of Church and State came about in France, Dom Morin emigrated to Bavaria, one of the nations where the Catholics are best treated, and there he was when the war broke out. It would be much nearer the right to compare Rolland's conduct with that of the German poet, Hermann Hesse, who at Berne is using his pen exactly as Romain Rolland is using his at Geneva.

And now let me give the opinion of two witnesses for the defence, which, like the foregoing statements on the other side, are here published for the first time. M. Alcide Ebray, long time foreign editor of the "Journal des Débats" and later French Consul General at New York, writes me:

"I do not think that Romain Rolland can be justly accused of being anti-French. He appears to me rather to be one of those men, of whom there are not a few in France, who have a mixed or hybrid mentality. In ordinary times persons like Romain Rolland can manage to keep alive in them these two spirits; they can even use for good the bond uniting these two different mentalities. But in war times, their position becomes difficult. They try to play the part of conciliator, and be just and impartial, with the result that they please nobody. This is just what has happened to Romain Rolland. In France he is treated as a German and in Germany he is considered to be too lukewarm for the German cause. His case, therefore, seems to me more interesting from the psychological than from the patriotic standpoint."

It will be remembered that until rather recently Romain Rolland was professor of the history of music at the Sorbonne, which chair he filled with rare distinction until, run down by an automobile and gravely injured, he resigned the post to the great regret of the faculty. Here is the view taken of his present attitude by one of his former colleagues, Professor Henri Lichtenberger, who was last year exchange professor at Harvard:

"I find that many people here in France are extremely unjust towards Romain Rolland, who is one of the noblest-minded men I know, and whose broad Europeanism and spirit of equity are admirable to behold. It is permissible to entertain different views as to the wisdom of his decision to remain in Switzerland during the war and to try and place himself above the contending parties. But one should bear in mind that Romain Rolland has no military duties to perform, has no brother or son in the army, and is in bad health, and consequently in a much better position than most of us to assume this attitude."

In the meanwhile Rolland has done nothing to defend himself. Comte Fitz-James, the French dramatic critic, who has just returned to Paris from a visit to Switzerland, where he met Rolland, tells me that the latter feels very keenly the way he has been treated in France, "where the incriminated articles have been published, when published at all, only in a garbled form," and the charge is repeated in the preface to the volume just out, which gives them exactly as they were originally printed in the "Journal de Genève." "Au-dessus de la Mêlée" (Paris: Ollendorff, 2 francs) is now in its fifteenth edition, which would seem to indicate that commercially these attacks have not been bad for Rolland. I have just finished reading the book, one of the most interesting and notable that the war has produced, and I fail to find in it sufficient ground for the rough handling which the author has received from his own countrymen. Rolland was in Switzerland when the war began, "where he is now doing excellent work," Dr. Seippel writes me from Zurich, "in the War Prisoners Bureau at Geneva." Furthermore, in these articles, he has always made a marked distinction between Prussian militarism and the grand old Germany we all admired and loved. The first he condemns as severely as anybody, but the latter he refuses to deny; and the justification of his course he finds in this "grand line from Emerson," which he gives in the original English: "Nothing is more rare in any man than an act of his own." But what M. Paul Souday said to me the other day seems to apply here. "I find fault with Romain Rolland," says the literary editor of "Le Temps," "because he assimilates France to Germany. But the latter has attacked us and we have had to defend ourselves. Again, the mental state of our intellectuals should not be likened to that of those of Germany, where practically all approve the conduct of their government. But it is perfectly sure that if France had attacked Germany and violated the neutrality of Belgium, a large number of our intellectuals would have protested,—the very opposite of what has happened in Germany." But that these articles and this book have exerted considerable influence for good is well proved

by an example which has come under my own eye. Comte Fitz-James said to me the other day: "I had finished a volume on the war—'Les Ennemis Intérieurs'—and was on the point of giving it to my publisher, when the reading of Romain Rolland's book decided me to entirely remodel my manuscript. I still say what I said before, but with an attempt to attain the grandiose spirit of moderation set before the world by Romain Rolland."

The attacks on Comte de Gobineau are of a still more virulent kind than those on Romain Rolland, are far less excusable, and offer a prime example of nationalism gone mad; for the man has been in his grave since 1882, and his crime of pro-Germanism dates from the early fifties,—fifteen years before the war of 1870, and sixty years before the present conflict. But this does not prevent his being torn to pieces in the most savage and vulgar fashion by a certain category of Frenchmen.

When the war came, the surviving members of the Gobineau family were quite prepared to see their father and grandfather severely taken to task for his now famous "Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines" (Paris: Didot, 1853-5, 4 vols. in 8), where, in a word, the German race is placed at the head of civilization. M. Jean Richepin led off with a dig in one of his newspaper articles, and was followed by a contribution which appeared in "Les Anales" from the pen of M. Herriot, mayor of Lyons, who accuses Gobineau of being the cause of the war! Thereupon, the eldest daughter of Gobineau, Baroness Guldencrone, who inherits much of her father's literary ability, rushed to his defence in the columns of "Le Temps," where she contended that his theory had been misunderstood, and that he really held that the true and purest Teutons are the Scandinavians and even the Anglo-Saxons, whereas the Germans of to-day are more or less strongly affected by Slavic infiltrations. But this questionable apology did not prevent M. Frédéric Masson from coming to the rescue of the nationalist position with an extraordinary article which appeared at the head of the "Revue Hebdomadaire" of October 16, and which for a glaring instance of ultra-nationalism and general "cussedness" has seldom been equalled. Mme. Serpeille, the youngest daughter of Gobineau, tells me that the manuscript as originally handed to the editor was even worse, and that M. Fernand Laudet toned it down considerably before giving it to the printer. But just as it stands it is a disgraceful piece of work, which does not reflect credit on the French Academy, of which the author is a member, or on the "Revue Hebdomadaire," which cannot be too severely censured for having permitted such an offence to the living and the dead. In the "Revue Hebdomadaire" of November 27 the grandson of Comte de Gobineau, M. Clément Serpeille, an intelligent young *littérateur*, publishes a brief and dignified reply to M. Masson, who follows with some comments which do not at all remove the stain of his first article. Here is the place to quote a remark made to me the other day by a French authority on things German, whose name, however, had better not be given: "Whatever Frédéric Masson writes on German affairs is utterly without any value, for he is a Germanophobe, as unreasonable and as absurd, it seems to me, as the Gallophobia of the most ridiculous Pan-Germans. Every time I read an article by Masson or Louis Bertrand, I am thrown into a state of exasperation. They make us the laughing-stock of all neutrals."

If one would know what intelligent and *au courant* Frenchmen think of Gobineau, one should read the three articles by M. Paul Souday, which appeared in "Le Temps" some two years ago; "La Vie et les Prophéties du Comte de Gobineau," by the young journalist of "Le Figaro," M. Robert Dreyfus, perhaps the best book to give one an idea of the personality and the intellectuality of Gobineau, where the frontispiece, a portrait of him, depicts a highly cultivated man with a good head and aristocratic features; and "La Philosophie de l'Impérialisme," by Baron Ernest Seillière, member of the Institute, a substantial study of the philosophy of Gobineau's life and works. Then one will have a fair idea of this remarkable man and one will wonder still more at the impertinence of this Masson tirade and vulgarity.

This spirit of excessive nationalism finds an efficient corrective in the presence among the contemporary writers of France of a small but brilliant and active element of foreign-born men of letters, who see well beyond the borders of their adopted country. One of the most admirable of this group has unfortunately just died. I refer to the American poet, Stuart Merrill. I knew his father, who, in the latter seventies, was the blind lawyer of our American colony, a learned, gentle-spirited man; but I made the acquaintance of the talented son only when he had already become a recognized French poet. The last time we met was at a Washington's Birthday banquet here in Paris, when I, as toast-master, called upon Francis Vielé-Griffin, our other French-American poet, to read an original ode in

honor of the Father of his Country, while Stuart Merrill led in the applause. And it is Vielé-Griffin who to-day sends me for THE DIAL this admirable estimate and eulogy of our old and common friend:

"In the first letter I ever had from Stuart Merrill, dated New York, April 13, 1887, he expresses his æsthetic dream of the young poet: 'I am not the only American who is trying to endow the French alexandrine with a little of the enchanting music of English verse; for you are, are you not? a disciple of Swinburne. Ah! don't deny it, for you need not be ashamed to admit that you are the disciple of that incomparable master, just as you might avow your being the disciple of Wagner, without losing any of your own proper genius. To express the idea by words, to suggest emotion by the music of these words,— such are, I think, the alpha and the omega of our doctrine.'

"From the start, Stuart Merrill was, to use his own words, 'the poet of sonorities and splendors.' It is in his volume, 'Les Fastes,' that he merits this title. In the works which followed, he showed himself, without losing any of his verbal virtuosity, to be the landscapist of the horizons of Fontainebleau, Grez, and Marlotte, where he often spent his summers. His gorgeous music lent itself to the sincerities of the popular song, and in 'Les Quatre Saisons' it is the triumph of life, at once calm and passionate, of the laborious poet whose window opens on the grand highway of France. Although Merrill had travelled much, he translated, like the painters of Barbizon, like Manet and Corot, only the landscape and atmosphere of the valley of the Seine. He is a true French poet.

"The generosity and nobility of Merrill's nature necessarily inclined him towards human suffering, and he lived in the hope of seeing the dawn of justice and fraternity, when the horrible butchery of the present hour surprised him in the midst of his dream. He was suffering from heart-disease, and still hopeful, he died from the terrible emotions in the midst of which we are now living, his eye fixed on the victory of justice and right. In fine, one of the best poets of a time which is rich in grand lyric bards, Stuart Merrill has passed away surrounded with the affectionate admiration of his peers and the esteem of those who enjoyed his intimacy, for the man in him was as noble as the poet was delicate, and the kindness of his heart equalled the idealism of his thought."

The fact that Merrill's wife was a Belgian and that he lived much of the year in the suburbs of Brussels strengthens Vielé-Griffin's intimation, shared by us all, that the war hastened his end.

Some twelve years ago while I was writing a letter to John Hay, there was placed on my table a French periodical containing a critique by Merrill of Hay as a poet. I sent it to Washington by the same post as my letter, and in due season came a reply from the busy Secretary of State, which closed with this paragraph:

"Curiously enough, the paper came just as I was translating, or at least trying to translate, into English verse one of Merrill's poems, which had struck my fancy. He is pretty hard on my so-called poetry, but I suppose it richly deserves all the censure which he bestows on it. I trust, however, that Stuart Merrill will find my translation worthy of the original. Let me know if he does."

How like John Hay this was! And his forgiving generosity is all the more admirable when we recall what is brought out in Professor Thayer's recent excellent biography of Hay, that it was one of the dreams of his early manhood to become above all things a great poet.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, Dec. 30, 1915.

CASUAL COMMENT.

LINGUISTIC THEORY AND PRACTICE never quite harmonize even in the writings of the most painstaking. Some little verbal or grammatical or syntactical defect will be found to mar the otherwise perfect page of the most careful purist. But if perfection were attainable instead of being always just beyond our reach and seductively inviting pursuit, what zest would there be left in living? On the editorial page of an esteemed journal published in the cultured city of Boston there was recently printed an excellent plea for the preservation of our language in all its wealth of resources from innumerable fountains of supply, in all its fine distinctions and gradations, both verbal and grammatical. Especially did the writer deplore the indiscriminate use as synonyms of words not synonymous, instancing "would" and "should" (but unaccountably making no mention of "will" and "shall"). Always timely and never uncalled-for in a carelessly speaking and writing world are such reminders of our besetting sins of speech. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor,* is the shame-faced confession of even the best of us, including the excellent newspaper in question; for this same editorial section was disfigured by such looseness of expression as the following, referring to the term "preparedness" and the different meanings given to it by different authorities: "Mr. Roosevelt's definition is a more extreme one than most Americans of any other party." For a more violent ellipsis one might have to hunt far. In the same paragraph occurs "the proposition to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for President," wherein the use of "proposition" in the sense of "proposal" (a very frequent and even classic substitution) is to be noted

with at least mild disapproval. Since we have the two words, why render our language so much the poorer by making them interchangeable? In America almost everything is now denotable by this much-abused term. For example, in "Wolfville Nights" we read: "He could call a coyote or a fox, or even so fitful an' nervous a prop'sition as a antelope."

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AUTHORSHIP IN AN ALIEN TONGUE, in a language acquired with more or less effort after childhood, is not often brilliantly successful; but there are not wanting a number of conspicuous instances of such success. Marcus Aurelius, though born and bred in Rome, and speaking Latin as his mother tongue, wrote his "Meditations" in Greek. Blanco White (José Blanco was his name in his native Spain) did not emigrate to England until he was thirty-five years old; yet, besides other writings in his adopted language, he gave to English literature one of its finest sonnets. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen came to this country from Norway at the age of twenty-one, and made English his chief medium of expression as an author. The Dutch novelist known as "Maarten Maartens" wrote almost exclusively in his adopted tongue. Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, famous on two continents for his remarkable work, "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," is a Briton by birth and early training, being the son of a British admiral and the grandson of a British naval captain, and apparently the last person to renounce his Briticism. But all the world knows, as he has taken pains to let it know, that he is now, and long has been, even more German than the Germans. Not only has he written chiefly in German, his masterpiece above-named being in that tongue and translated into English by another hand, but he now turns against his native language, together with all things English, in a fury of partisanship for German and Germany such as only a convert can show toward the perversities and depravities of his unregenerate past. In an utterance addressed to the misguided people of his native land, and published in "The International Review," he glorifies the nation that has produced a Treitschke, a Nietzsche, and a Bernhardi, and heaps extravagant praise upon its language. "Germany alone, of all the nations," he assures his readers, "still guards a living treasure, one capable of development, unfathomable as is everything which comes from God. It is her language." That our own language has a quite contrary origin he all but tells us in so many words, and he evidently believes that not the least of the benevolent ends held in view by the belligerent Teutons is the supplanting of that decadent tongue. All this is depressing, not to say humiliating, to an English-speaking person; but we may still be thankful that our language is not yet incapable of effective use in so eloquent and entertaining an article as that with which Herr Chamberlain has favored us.

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THE FINEST PRIVATE LIBRARY IN THE WORLD, that of Mr. Henry E. Huntington of New York, has recently assured itself of this preeminence beyond doubt or cavil by a notable increase to its treasures through the addition of the collection hitherto owned by Mr. Frederick R. Halsey of the same city. About three-quarters of a million dollars is rumored to have been the price paid by Mr. Huntington for the Halsey library, which itself is the fruit of thirty-five years of assiduous expert collecting in Americana, early English literature, nineteenth-century first editions, rich bindings, and other precious rarities obtainable only by persons of wealth. Mr. Huntington's rise to fame as a book-collector is comparatively recent. It began with his purchase of the E. Dwight Church library for a million and a quarter dollars, or some such fabulous amount of money; the next event was his securing of the Beverly Chew collection at a figure said to have been a round half-million; and soon afterward occurred the famous Hoe sale and Mr. Huntington's purchase of the first printed book, the Gutenberg Bible, at a price never before paid for a single work, fifty thousand dollars, with other rare works, all amounting to a quarter-million dollars. Judge Russell Benedict's fine collection of Revolutionary War books and other volumes of great value next fell a prey to Mr. Huntington's collectomania; and, finally, the Halsey library was secured. With no new worlds to conquer, so far as he can see for the present, this multimillionaire bibliophile will now have his entire library catalogued by Mr. George Watson Cole, whose bibliographic skill was notably shown in the Church catalogue, and then he ought to be entitled to a few weeks' vacation from collecting and railroading in order to become acquainted with his books.

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THE GOVERNMENT AS PUBLISHER seems to have undergone a change of heart. It is mending its ways and stopping some of the waste that has in the past rendered it notorious as the most recklessly uneconomical of printing and distributing establishments. Though the congressmen are not yet all sufficiently self-

restrained in placing their oratorical efforts before the eyes of their constituents, which means a lavish use of the franking privilege and the virtual waste of thousands of pages of printed matter, there has been considerable reform in the practice of sending out documents with no assurance that they will be appreciated by the receivers, or even opened by them. The sale of such documents has been greatly increased, the charge being only enough to pay the cost of mechanical production, which is likewise enough to make them valued and put to a good use when they reach their destination. In a single decade the annual sales have mounted from five thousand dollars to forty times that amount. As a publisher of periodicals that circulate on a business basis, the government has built up what would be considered, under private management, an immense trade. Nearly two-score regular publications of this sort are now issued, ranging in price from twenty-five cents a year, the modest subscription fee asked for "The National Weather and Crop Bulletin," to five dollars a year, the charge for the patent-office "Gazette," a large and fully illustrated weekly. Price-lists of its numerous and ever-increasing publications are circulated by the government, the post-office department aiding greatly in this work of publicity, and commendable effort is being made to bring the particular pamphlet or book or periodical and the person whom it should interest and profit into contact with each other. Many valuable treatises, having each sixty or perhaps more pages of print, are obtainable at as low a cost as five cents apiece; but (and this should be carefully heeded) an enclosure of postage stamps will not secure any of these publications. Uncle Sam does a cash business.

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A FAMILIAR THEME IN LIBRARY LITERATURE is "The Place of the Library in ——." The blank may be variously filled in, but the general sense remains much the same. Sometimes it is "the community" that is considered in its relation to the library, at others "the public school system," or "the educational scheme," or it may be, with a wider scope, "modern life." Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University, prepared a paper for presentation before the International Conference of Librarians at Oxford, but the war upset the plans of that conference, as it upset so many other plans, and there was no conference, consequently no paper read by Dr. Richardson or anyone else. However, the Princeton librarian's labors were not by any means to be thrown away; he has printed his essay in a twelve-page pamphlet; and the title has the good old familiar ring. It is this, "The Place of the Library in the University." The writer is known for his able and learned treatises on pre-historic libraries and other abstruse bibliothecal subjects, and his systematic treatment of any theme engaging his attention is also known. Therefore one is prepared to find him ordering his present discourse under logically arranged headings, and clearing the ground with all needful (and perhaps some not strictly needful) definitions as he goes along. The university is defined, the various kinds of university students are enumerated, several pages are given to the methods of teaching; then the library is defined, the nature of the university library is considered and also its methods of imparting instruction, a section is devoted to "Systematic Staff Teaching: Book Arts and Library Schools," and, finally, the place of the library in the university — which is what we started out to learn — is specifically considered in a page and a half, with a brief "sum of the matter" as a wind-up. So scholarly a treatment of so scholarly a theme should give pleasure to all scholarly readers.

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CONCERNING PLOTS there has been some recent discussion aroused by Mr. Arnold Bennett's remarks on the subject in his book, "The Author's Craft." He says, for instance, that "the plot is good when you want to make sure what will happen next. Good plots set you anxiously guessing what will happen next." Cordial assent is given to this by most readers, while others as heartily dissent, maintaining that the best novels are those that hold the interest so completely from page to page that there never enters the reader's head any thought of what is going to happen next; and the disputants wax warm in support of their respective views, not suspecting that they may be arguing at cross purposes. There are, in respect to plots, two very obvious kinds of novels, those with plots and those without them. He whose chosen fiction is of the class well represented by "The Woman in White" finds his pleasure in being kept "anxiously guessing what will happen next," in wondering what will be the next turn in the intricate maze of the plot, and will have but a poor opinion of any story that fails to pique his curiosity in this way. On the other hand, the novel-reader whose favorite book is "Don Quixote," with all its looseness of method, its inconsistencies and self-contradictions, its almost total lack of structural coherence, will get no satisfaction from the ingenious and

elaborate fabrications of Wilkie Collins. To him they are nothing but tiresome pieces of mechanism, mere machinery without a spark of life. The plotless novel, like "Wilhelm Meister" or "Jean-Christophe," and the novel with a plot, like "The Leavenworth Case" or "The Danvers Jewels," are so dissimilar in kind as to be hardly more comparable, one with the other, than an alligator and a tuning-fork.

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THE SHIFTING SANDS OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING are almost as treacherous as the sliding banks of the Culebra Cut. When once the mania for re-making our written speech has seized a person, there is no certain limit to its ravages. Like other passions, the zeal for orthographic reform grows with indulgence, and no two schools of reformers, scarcely any two individual reformers, can agree as to when the curb should be applied. The "Simplified Speling Sosieti" of England has very lately made a further advance in heterodoxy and become the "Simplifyd Speling Sosyeti," and its bi-monthly periodical, "The Pioneer ov Simplified Speling," has been transformed into "The Pyoneer ov Simplifyd Speling," which is no longer "publisht bi" said association, but "publisht by"—a curiously unintentional return to partial sanity. Among the "distingwisht authorz" of the past whom it proudly and prominently mentions as supporters of the reform, it names James Russell Lowell, perhaps having in mind certain numerous passages in "The Biglow Papers," as for instance Birdofredom Sawin's declaration: "This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur, an' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter"; or Hosea Biglow's pronouncement that "ef any thin's foolisher and moor dicklus than militerry gloary it is milishy gloary." A short cut through the acknowledged irregularities and difficulties of our highly composite language may or may not be desirable; but, granted this desirability, where is the Colonel Goethals to engineer the work and safeguard the channel from landslides (if such safeguarding be in any wise possible)? On the whole, the old orthographic route around the other horn of our dilemma (forgive the mixed metaphor) is likely to prove the safer.

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BOOK-STANDARDIZATION, not in respect to inner content, but as to outer form, has long been the dream of librarians and others interested in making a given amount of book-space hold a maximum number of books. With volumes of all sizes to provide with shelves, and with many sizes even in a single branch of literature, the waste space in a large book-stack necessarily amounts to considerable; and if a congested city library that is planning an extension to its stack has to pay several hundred dollars per square foot for the needed additional ground, it becomes a matter of practical economy to figure out a possible scheme whereby all the books on a particular subject may be made to dress their ranks with no marked irregularities of height in any one of those ranks. What is the most convenient and in every way desirable book-size for polite literature, for natural science, for art-works, and for the various other departments of printed matter, will probably never be determined by any common agreement; and so there will always be a place in the reading world, especially in the library world, for such laborious treatises as that which has just come from the pens of the Herren Doctoren Rudolf and W. Angermann on "Normal Book-size and Normal Story-height" ("Normalbuchgrösse und Normalgeschosshöhe"). The problems in least common multiple and greatest common divisor suggested by the mere title cannot here be discussed; but that the whole theme is eminently congenial to the German type of scholarship no one having any acquaintance with that scholarship will doubt. Little hope is there of practical results—perhaps they are undesirable anyhow—from such researches, but it may be well to have the theory of the matter worked out, once for all, with Teutonic thoroughness. Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, publishes the work.

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THE AUTHORITY OF SOCRATES, as a true patriot and eloquent advocate of patriotism, is invoked by "The Spectator" in an attempt to bring the "shirker" to his sense of duty in this hour of his country's danger. It quotes from the "Crito" considerable portions of the dialogue between the Laws and the imprisoned sage of Athens. A few lines will illustrate the remarkable aptness of the citations for the present purposes of Lord Derby and the others associated with him in guiding the fortunes of imperilled Albion. Here, in Jowett's translation, are one or two sentences uttered (if we may accept Plato's word for it) twenty-three centuries ago, the pronouns "she" and "her" referring to one's country: "And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may anyone yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place,

he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just; and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." Whether one side with Socrates (speaking here as the Laws) or with Mr. Jack London, in respect to a citizen's obligations in military matters, the undying vitality, the unfailing freshness or modernity, of the classics, find in the quoted passage another striking illustration. The masterpieces of literature are masterpieces chiefly because they never lose their present significance.

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THE POET'S OPPORTUNITY has come. One thousand dollars in gold will be paid "to the persons who write the best verse on Newark," announces the editor of "The Newarker," and he thus continues in characteristic vein: "I say persons and not poets, for everyone can try; and I say verse and not poetry, for if no poetry is offered then verses will win the prizes. No good poetry on Newark has yet been written; the field is quite clear, the bars are down; the grass is fresh and green, and if there is no Pierian spring, perhaps the prizes will make good the lack. . . . Consider also, O Poets, that in her 250 years Newark has not been idle, but has lived an active life, varied in a thousand ways, and filled with incidents which need only to be touched by a man of vision to take on at once the dramatic air. Indeed, no city in the country, no matter how romantic and full of color its history may seem to be, has a past more full of the episodes about which good poetry may be woven; a present more complex, more full of conflicting movements, more deeply touched by human passions; and a future more abounding in possibilities quite epic in their range than this same hitherto unsung Newark on the Passaic. If any poet of foreign parts does not believe what I say, let him come and look and learn." Finally it is added: "We have in the library several dictionaries of rhymes and many good books on how to tell poetry when you see it; none, alas! on how to write it." The prizes are offered by the Committee of One Hundred on Newark's 250th Anniversary, 1666-1916.

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A FAVORITE PLAN WITH PUBLISHERS, and one that has its undeniable merits, is the issue of books in sets or series that sometimes are logically formed and hold together by a certain natural and recognizable affinity, but at other times have less excuse for their existence and are artificial in their structure. But there is always something impressive to the book-buyer in the name and uniform appearance of a set. The "Pigskin Library" or the "Five-foot Shelf" or the "Great Captains Series" looks so trim, so imposing even, in its entirety, that many a casual inquirer for a single number is led into the purchase of the whole row, whether or not there is any likelihood of his ever reading the entire series. A new "library," in this special sense of the word, is about to appear in London and, presumably, in New York also, its name to be "The Museum Library," and its contents to embrace annotated selections from the chief works of the nineteen British authors whose names so conspicuously show themselves to anyone entering the reading-room of the British Museum. On the circular walls of that famous resort of the studious are inscribed the names of the following lights of English literature: Chaucer, Caxton, Tyndale, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Addison, Swift, Pope, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning. To each of these will be devoted a volume containing a biographical study of the author in question, a bibliography of his works, and an annotated selection from his more important writings. A twentieth volume will be added for good measure, and will contain noted studies of all the nineteen authors from famous pens. The last author on the list will open the series. "Robert Browning: A Synthetical Anthology" is to be edited by Mr. George Goodchild.

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PSEUDONYMS THAT CLING, fitting so well that the real name is all but forgotten, are few in comparison with the many that have been assumed and then have fallen into disuse. Such pen-names as George Eliot, Mark Twain, Pierre Loti, Anatole France, are of a permanence such that even the scrupulous cataloguer often consents to recognize them at the expense of the honestly inherited patronymic. On the other hand, who now would ever think or speak of Thackeray as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," or even of Dickens as "Boz"? Charlotte Brontë is known to thousands who would hardly recognize her as "Currer Bell," and Dr. J. G. Holland is now never referred to as "Timothy Titcomb." Of the foregoing pseudonyms there is one that most persons are inclined to regard as a real name,—"Anatole France." Indeed, even the informed speak habitually of "Monsieur Anatole France," just as they speak occasionally of "Mr. Norman Angell." But the illustrious Frenchman's father was one Noël Thibault, a poor bookseller with a shop on the Quai Mala-

quais, close to the Seine and not far from the Pont Neuf, the Louvre, and Notre Dame. The elder Thibault was nicknamed "Père France" by his regimental comrades, and the son turned the jest to account in the choice of a pseudonym that has become known around the world. In private life he is Jacques Anatole Thibault. An early desire to become famous, not as an author, but as a saint, is chronicled in the records of his childhood. Vying with St. Simeon Stylites in mortification of the flesh, he took up his station on top of the kitchen pump, only to be promptly deposed by an unsympathetic maid servant; and cutting open the seat of a chair to procure himself the wherewithal for a hair shirt, he was ignominiously whipped and put to bed. It was fame of a less sanctified though of a not less enviable character that had marked him for her own.

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A YEAR'S PROGRESS IN EDUCATION finds its encouraging summing-up in Commissioner Claxton's annual report for our national Department of Education. While Europe has been busy undoing, so far as possible, the work of centuries of educational and industrial and other effort, this country has continued its constructive labors in reclaiming as wide an area as might be of the barren domain of ignorance. Among things achieved in this field Dr. Claxton enumerates the revival of interest in the kindergarten, greater care for the health of young pupils, longer terms of school activity, better pay for teachers, school-attendance laws in certain States hitherto without them, the adoption of a larger unit of rural school administration in several States, a raising of the standard of preparation required of teachers in some States and an extension of the means necessary for furnishing this preparation, and, finally, increased differentiation of work and adjustment of studies in schools of all grades, to meet the needs of children of varying ability and the vocational life of the community concerned. This is a far better showing than many a European minister of education will be able to make for the year just closed.

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THE REPORT OF THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION is not exactly a literary production; but there are times when literature must take a back seat. Two English noblemen once quarrelled as to which of them could write the best verses, and they agreed to refer the dispute to John Dryden. One of them dashed off a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to Dryden, who immediately declared that he had won. "But," said the other, "you have not read *my* verses." "It is unnecessary," said Dryden, "you cannot beat this,"—and showed him a check for a hundred pounds. Seriously, the Rockefeller Foundation seems to be a most laudable and useful affair. During the past year it contributed about a million dollars to Belgian Relief, and a million and a half to other objects. It has been regarded with a good deal of suspicion by Congress; but there does not seem to be anything in it to be frightened about. In the finances of nations, as they show to-day, even one hundred million dollars is a mere bagatelle. With the provisions against the accumulation of funds, and practical national control of the governing board, there would not appear to be any danger to the State in the charity. It is well enough to look a gift horse in the mouth; but when the steed has proved its speed and bottom, skepticism ought to cease. The gratitude of the Belgian sufferers ought to weigh down any jealousy of this Fund.

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A NEW USE FOR DISCARDED LITERATURE, such as old books, useless pamphlets, back numbers of magazines, stale newspapers, is predicted by a German scientist, a certain Professor Mehner, who gives utterance to some characteristically German advice in the columns of the "Hamburger Nachrichten." Not only, he urges, should all waste paper be saved as being excellent material for bedding cattle, thus releasing as fodder the straw commonly used for this purpose, but, more than that, processes may be discovered that will ere long make paper itself available for fodder; and thus the very literature that has fed readers' minds in town and country will soon afterward feed their bodies in the form of beefsteak, roast beef, veal cutlets, milk, butter, and cheese, through the transmuting medium of paper-fed cattle. But why not turn the literature directly into nutritious and appetizing food for the table? Surely, nothing is impossible to German efficiency under the present spur of necessity.

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MR. HENRY JAMES'S DECORATION, only a short half-year after his renunciation of American citizenship in favor of English, must be gratifying to him as proof that his talents are not unappreciated in the land of his long-time residence and recent adoption. It will be recalled that last July, when he decided to become a Briton, he explained his action as prompted by a desire to lend such aid and comfort as he could to England in her hour of trial by throwing in his lot with

her people. It was a frank and manly statement of his position, and the Order of Merit now given to him by an appreciative sovereign will certainly not be begrudged him by any of his admirers. It is no small honor to wear a decoration that has adorned a Meredith in the past and is worn by a Morley, a Bryce, a Trevelyan, and a Hardy, in the present. Instituted as a mark of especial distinction for military or naval service, or for notable contributions to art, literature, or science, the order includes at present but eleven civilian members, so that its bestowal on Mr. James ought to gratify him more than would an invitation to enter the far more crowded company of knights or baronets—that is, of course, if he cares for such things at all; and not to care for them is to be either more or less than human.

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AN INTERCOLLEGIATE MAGAZINE, with the peremptory title of "Challenge," is to make its appearance in the periodical world next month, under the auspices of Columbia University. Editorial and business representatives will be, or have been, appointed at the leading universities and colleges throughout the country, and the magazine ought to find interested readers at almost every seat of learning and to promote intercollegiate good-fellowship. In the words of the prospectus, "Challenge" will make its purpose "to stimulate the free expression of opinion among American students, to the end that each American college and university may become a conscious and informed intellectual democracy." Great things are evidently hoped for by the courageous young organizers of this promising enterprise; and to youth and enthusiasm all things are possible.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"WE MODERNS" AND THE BROOM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

We are told in your columns of a young poet who says, "I now see that Bryant is a symbol of everything that we moderns must sweep aside." If the young "poet" who feels that way reads these columns, let him rest assured that the sooner he turns the broom to the more urgent task of sweeping aside his own conceit the better will be the chance that he will one day be an old poet. No great school of art, literary or otherwise, has ever yet begun by sweeping away that which has once gained a vital hold on the affections of the people.

Asinius Pollio, a would-be "modern" of the expiring Roman Republic and early Empire, tried the broom on the prose style of Cicero. To-day, so far as we know with certainty, we have but a handful of scattered fragments of Pollio's prose, together with three words of his poetry cited by a Roman grammarian, while the prose of Cicero remains an influence of enormous power in the style of all the great literary tongues of the modern Indo-European language family. One does not want to be harsh, and yet it needs to be said that all talk of "sweeping away" the art of the past in order to make room for the new is merely the whine of incompetence. Whence does the new artist propose to sweep the art of the old? Not out of his own system, for it most assuredly is not there to be swept. Not out of the affections of the rest of us, for the door of our hearts and minds is not open to the self-appointed literary sweep who comes on that errand. Whether the "We Moderns" school has any real message to the present age remains to be seen, but if so, let it rest assured that the present age has æsthetic and intellectual capacity entirely sufficient to absorb that message without any necessity of emptying out the treasures of the past. The sensible course for the artist who feels himself an innovator is to offer his goods at their face value and take his chances, but if it has to be one or the other, he will consult his own interests by coming with an apology rather than a broom.

The very idea of "sweeping away" any of the old time classics is puerile. They became "classics" by going down with their art into the deeper regions of the human soul and attaching themselves to that in man which is not of the moment but of the ages. Men and women who occasionally go down into similar depths will meet them there, now one and now another, and hold delightful and profitable converse with them. Out of that depth they will never be swept, for into that depth the militant with the broom on his shoulder will never enter.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, Ohio, Jan. 14, 1916.

THE COLLEGES AND AMERICAN MEDIOCRITY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A great deal is being written at present upon the nurturing of mediocrity in college, and it has been suggested that much better results might be attained if the conscientious college professor did not centre his attention so exclusively upon knocking into shape the vast majority of the not especially endowed, but would direct his energies more particularly upon those who show unusual talent or genius,—that is, if we are to get anywhere that is really worth while in the world of letters and thought.

That America as a whole is deplorably mediocre, not to say degenerate, in matters of taste in literature, music, and art, goes without saying. It is, indeed, an age of "successful mediocrity." But just how the devoting of especial attention to talent and genius in college is going to right the matter, the present writer fails to see.

In the first place, those who are peculiarly endowed do not require, as a rule, the special guidance of a professor, who is as likely as not to be as mediocre in his tastes as any of the mass of individuals outside of college. I remember, not long ago, to have heard of a professor who told his students that "Milton was n't in it with the 'Faithful Shepherdess'"; and of another who held that "Robert Browning never said anything that Lord Tennyson had not said and said better." The bad taste in this latter statement is in not being able to appreciate each of these poets for his own especial gift of personality, instead of slighting one because he is not exactly like the other. Bad taste of this sort, implying narrowness of judgment, is just as prevalent among college professors as it is among those outside of college,— if not more so. Furthermore, such snap judgments help to make the mass outside mediocre, while no student of genuine talent or genius would be in the least affected by them.

But admitting these instances to be exceptional, and that perfect judgment in matters of taste exists among the majority of college professors, the problematical genius could at best only be saved some wearisome journeys in barren regions of literature or art by the wise warnings of these Elders in the halls of learning. It is difficult to see how any amount of special training could increase the genuine creative faculty or the innate good taste of genius, for these are the things with which genius is born, and they grow by their own impetus. Did any college professor instruct Keats that it was the proper thing to admire Greek mythology? On the contrary, the learned critics of the day facetiously spoke of his having versified Lemprière's Dictionary. It is hard to say where in this worthy dictionary Keats could have found the masterly interpretation of Greek myth which he has put into "Hyperion."

What talent or genius really needs is appreciation and support after it has left the protecting arms of the Alma Mater.

Where will it find such appreciation and support now? The publishers are not at all interested in whether a writer is a genius or not. They want something that will sell; and having a mediocre public to deal with, and being also mediocre themselves, every trained mediocrity that comes out of college stands a better chance of being heard than the one genius. Music publishers will even refuse to look at compositions which they are told show unusual originality.

Again, if the newspaper or magazine editor wants a critic, he asks the candidate, not if he is capable of forming luminous and broad-minded judgments upon the books he is to review, but if he is a trained college man. Therefore, criticism in this country is for the most part a farce, for the trained young college man, who is only that and nothing more, has neither had sufficient experience of life nor done enough individual reading to form sound judgments. He starts in with a handful of courses in literature, in each of which he has read selected masterpieces, perhaps having specialized in one man for a degree, and with a few rules about style; then tries to size up everybody according to the standards he has been taught. The only criticism worth anything is that which can perceive the power and beauty of the forward-looking which transcends past standards, and this requires a *genius* for criticism or appreciation.

Woe to the genius who falls into the clutches of this young critic! If the genius happens to be so lucky as to find a publisher with the strength of mind to publish anything which is not exactly like everything else published by everybody else,— that is, which is not in the prevailing style,— he will find himself doomed by the trained young critic, who will probably confess with pride and exaltation that he finds this new writer "obscure." Nothing seals the fate of a genius so effectually as to have mediocrity say it cannot understand him.

Suppose, by any possible chance the publisher or the editor gets hold of a genius in critical work, and this benighted genius flatters himself that after a few years of experience he will be able to command a better price for his labors. He will eventually learn his mistake, for he will find himself dismissed in favor of the cheap *young* trained college man. So the college training plays into the hands of the mercenary publisher. The training counts for everything, genius and experience for nothing.

Perhaps it is a temperamental weakness in us Americans that we seem to take the utmost pride in writing ourselves down stupid. Noble and beautiful music we call "heavy"; psychological drama, in which gripping problems are powerfully portrayed, we call "high-browed." We must have something simply amusing. Philosophy, or poetry enriched by philosophical truth, is quite too profound for our mean little brains to grasp. And we are proud of it, and anyone who says he likes these things is either a bogie or a *poseur*.

It sometimes looks as if stories written in slang phraseology, moving pictures, and Victrola performances would run out all other forms of literature, drama, and music. We must have things to read in which we need not be seriously interested. We must have "shows" that do not appeal to our sense of the artistic, but to our delight in perfectly obvious mechanical contrivances. We must have twice-baked music in bits because we get fidgety if we are obliged to sit through a whole concert or opera.

The real problem, then, with which the college professor has to deal is how to educate mediocrity so that, instead of being so desperately in love with itself, it will aspire to an appreciation of something better than itself,— or, at least, different from itself.

The genius, if he is to thrive, must have his appreciators; but the question is, how in an age where a premium is put upon training as against innate intellectual superiority can he find them? for it is a condition of things in which he is more likely to be scorned as a freak than appreciated.

It is not for me to suggest to college professors how this problem is to be met. I suspect it is more of a social or moral problem than a purely intellectual one.

It is certainly mixed up with the ideal of democracy,— which revolts against the idea of innate superiority, and welcomes the paramountcy of training, because it posits equal capabilities in everyone. Once arriving at this point, it is an easy step for mediocrity to regard itself as the superior of genius. Can it be that we like to read stories in which we cannot be seriously interested because we like to feel superior to the writer; that we like "movies" because enthusiasm for the actors and the author are put on an impersonal plane, and we as persons can thus feel superior? The same with the Victrola,— our superiority is safely isolated by the mechanical contrivances.

And how much we feel like super-men and super-women, when we candidly admit we do not enjoy "heavy" (that is grand and noble) music, or "high brow" plays! In fact, I think Nietzsche somewhere expresses approval of such an attitude of mind. Perhaps it will dawn upon a democratic world some day that there is no greater joy possible than that of the appreciation and enthusiasm for great and beautiful and nobly powerful things. The two highest functions of the human mind are the one which is capable of creating beauty and the one which is capable of appreciating beauty. *Every* human being has the power innate within him to create beauty in some form,— not necessarily art. It may be moral beauty, a beauty of service, mechanical beauty, etc. In this sense there is no mediocrity.

Every human being has also latent within him the power to appreciate beauty. Developed to its highest capacity this power is almost a more wonderful gift than genius itself,— or rather, it becomes a genius for sympathy and enthusiasm for all that is great in art, noble in thought, ideal in morals, marvellous in science. Its kingdom is wider than that of genius. There comes with it a joy which is perhaps quite equal to the ecstasy of the creator in art.

So-called mediocrity, then, when it leaves college should be able to look forward to a time when it can say, like Cleon,—

> "I have not chanted verse like Homer, no —
> Nor swept string like Terpander, no — nor carved
> And painted men like Phidias and his friend:
> I am not great as they are point by point.
> But I have entered into sympathy
> With these four, running these into one soul,
> Who, separate, ignored each other's art.
> Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

To which might be replied: "Yea, verily, so well hast thou done that thou shalt sit with Homer and Terpander and Phidias on the slopes of Parnassus."

On the other hand, the genius must be modest. His superiority is only in one direction. He creates, it is true, a beauty of the imagination; but there are others who create a beauty of the mind, or a beauty of the spirit. And above all, there are those, his greatest need, who dwell in the land of sympathy and appreciation.

But this is unnecessary advice to the true genius in any department of effort, for it is only successfully trained mediocrity, as at present constituted, which is unbearably conceited.

If the college professor is able to convince his students that what the world, and America in particular, needs is a fine frenzy of enthusiasm, that such appreciation is as much to be honored as genius itself; and also if he can convince them of the silliness of congratulating themselves upon their own weak brain power — often the result of sheer laziness or lack of aspiration,— he will be paving the way for the transformation of mediocrity into a genius for the highest appreciation in relation to the creators of distinguished beauty.

Ages of development have gone to the evolution of the human brain. It is true that intuition and emotion have probably remained almost pristinely embryonic during this process, and it is time to pay attention to these other faculties of the human spirit.

Perhaps by dancing we may be bringing our emotions to a point where they may begin a healthy development. Perhaps psychology will open out the way whereby our intuitions may grow; but we must not let our last gain make our first gain futile, for we are creatures of mind as well as of heart and soul.

ZELIA.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 8, 1916.

THE WORD "UNTENTED" IN "KING LEAR."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the generally accepted interpretation of a passage in "King Lear" (I, 4,307, Rolfe's edition), there is a striking instance of what Professor Liddell has well called "botching Shakspere." Lear, in cursing Goneril, says: "Th' untented woundings of a father's curse Pierce every sense about thee!" The word "untented," as here used, has never been satisfactorily explained by either commentator or lexicographer. Schmidt and almost all editors of this play say that a "tent" is "a probe for searching a wound" and that "untented" means "not to be probed by a tent; incurable." Some editors go a little further and say a tent is "a roll of lint, or other material, used in searching a wound." Dyce says that "untented woundings" are "wounds not yet treated — or so severe and deep that they will not admit of being treated — by the insertion of the surgeon's tent," and that "to tent" means "to search with a tent, to probe." Phin adds "unsearchable" to the other definitions of "untented"; and Hudson's gloss is: "too deep to be probed."

The dictionaries are no nearer the truth than the commentators. Worcester defines the word as "not tented, not having a tent applied"; Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary as "not having a medical tent applied; hence, not having the pain lessened"; Johnson's as "having no medicaments applied"; the Encyclopedic Dictionary adds "not dressed" to the other definitions; and so on. The medical knowledge of Skeat's Etymological Dictionary is no better, for there we find: "Tent, a roll of lint used to dilate a wound. See Nares. Properly a probe; the verb to tent is used for to probe."

The eighteenth century editors also found the passage difficult of explanation. Pope changed "untented" to "untender," thus following one of the Quartos. Theobald, quoted by Furness, said it

meant "a wounding of such a sharp, inveterate nature that nothing shall be able to tent it, i. e. search the bottom, and help in the cure of it." Steevens, also quoted by Furness, missing the significance of Theobald's explanation, says that "untented woundings may possibly signify such wounds as will not admit of having a tent put into them."

W. J. Craig, in his excellent edition of the play, after a careful consideration of the passage in question, accepts Nares's explanation: "Unappeased, not put into a way of cure as a wound is, when a surgeon has put a tent into it." The most surprising explanation of all, as coming from a physician, is that of Dr. Bucknill, who says: "Untented appears to mean, 'not to be tented,' wounds the bottom of which is not to be reached." All these interpreters have forgotten that the term "tent" was applied not only to a probe, for the purpose of searching a wound, but also to a piece of some medicated material, lint or sponge, introduced into an abscess cavity for the purpose of stimulating healing; to stimulating ointments used in the healing of wounds; and to a cylindrical roll of some absorbent material, usually of lint, introduced into wounds—and retained there—for the purpose of absorbing the acrid and purulent discharges of the abscess or fistula. In other words, a tent is what is now commonly called a drain, and "untented" — in accordance with a common Elizabethan usage — means *"undrainable, not capable of being emptied of its purulent contents, not ceasing to discharge pus."* Stated medically, Lear is cursing Goneril with chronic purulent ulcers affecting all her organs of feeling. This is certainly far more vivid than wounds that are too small or too deep or too sharp to admit of the introduction of a probe or tent or medicament. Besides, such wounds do not exist. Even a superficial examination of any medical work of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries will suffice to confirm our definition. The curious reader may consult Clowes's "Treatise on Gunshot Wounds," 1596, (*passim*,— referred to by Craig), any translation of the works of Hippocrates, or the book entitled "Natura Exenterata; or Nature Unbowelled," London, 1655. We cannot, in concluding, refrain from quoting a very interesting passage, illustrating the use of the word "tent," in "The Muse's Looking Glass," a play by Randolph (1638): "The land wants such As dare with vigour execute her laws; Her fester'd members must be lane'd and tented."

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM, M.D.

New York, Jan. 11, 1916.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC DIRECTNESS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am one who did notice the point of fact your correspondent in a recent number of THE DIAL brings forward as one usually ignored by editors, concerning the minor incident in Plutarch used by Shakespeare with his transfiguring touch in "Coriolanus," I, ix, 94ff.

To make Coriolanus forget the name while remembering the deed of a benefactor, at a time when most men would be full only of themselves, is one of those multitudinous trifles of invention that speak eloquently of the characterizing and humanizing genius of Shakespeare.

In my brief notes on the "cunning" of "Shakespeare's little changes" and his "human touch, quite beyond Plutarch" in this passage ("First Folio Edition" of "Coriolanus," pp. 174-5, 178-9), I also brought to bear upon these changes another little fact not noticed by your correspondent, the fact that the poet keeps back until now the faintness mentioned by Plutarch, earlier, before the close of the battle: "Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the campe, because they sawe he was able to doe no more, he was alreadie so wearied with the great woundes he had upon him."

Shakespeare dramatizes here at one clear and rapid stroke the historical, physical, and psychological facts upon which he builds the climax of this scene and the stage mechanics of its *exeunt*. The Roman general, instantly granting the boon just asked for the benefactor, gives the order — "deliver him, Titus." To carry out the order, Titus asks "Martius, his name?" This question brings out the reply: "By Jupiter, forgot: I am wearie, yea, my Memorie is tyr'd: Have we no wine here?" His general's comment is clear and direct. It reinforces this explanation by Coriolanus that he forgot because his very capacity to remember within his wounded head was faint for loss of blood. Cominius notices that the blood has ceased to flow, is drying, a token of its exhaustion implying the need of care and nourishment. So he says,— "The bloud upon your Visage dryes, 'tis time It should be lookt too: come." And thus they go off stage.

The trouble with a more involved and roundabout explanation of the dramatic fitness of this climax and this *exeunt* is that it falsifies them. It is against the dramatic sincerity of the scene and the characters and the direct and sufficient explanation elaborately to suppose that Coriolanus forgot, as your correspondent puts it, because he scorned to remember a name that "would have suggested" his benefactor's "plebeian origin."

If this were designed by Shakespeare he had the skill to make it plain. Why did he take pains rather to reinforce the explanation offered? Why should a dramatist who is sure of touch and master of his purpose go about to make it dark and double?

Remember, too, that he prepared earlier for a special loss of blood in the head. This dauntless hero took his wounds headlong, confronting the foe. His face was scarcely recognizable in I, vi. It appears as if it were flayed. It needs to be verified as his by the sound of his voice. In the present scene, he says that when he has washed and his "face is faire" those about him may be enabled to perceive whether he blushes at their praise or no.

The assertion remains to be proved, moreover, that merely because the benefactor is poor he is therefore a plebeian.

What *sequitur* is there in that for an audience? What *sequitur* is there in that for a patrician soul

like that of Coriolanus, who is so — un-American, shall we say? — at least so not at all up to date as in this very scene to despise a mercenary measurement of his own worth?

The idealistic scorn of the material coming out in the hero's characteristic refusal to "take a Bribe to pay my Sword" shines rather in an intentionally enhancing light because the Volscian benefactor whom he remembers is poor of purse and noble of nature. There was nothing to be got by the request he makes for him. Shakespeare selects from Plutarch for special mention here only those facts about him that suit and serve the scene. The other details, that he had been rich (therefore was not a plebeian we could with more reason suppose if it were worth while to go into that irrelevancy) and was now a slave of war — all these details were simply needless or inconspicuously implied in the statement of Coriolanus that he once lay at his house,— "He us'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner; But then Aufidius was within my view, And wrath o'rewhelm'd my pittie: I request you to give my poore Host freedome."

In this scene, evidently, sympathy with the nobleness of the hero is all Shakespeare wants from his audience. Later, when he sits in gold and when his friendliness with Volscians against his country is to his discredit, there is there as here no taint of mere money return suffered to blacken him.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 10, 1916.

A BACONIAN TO THE DEFENCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The authorship of the Shakespeare plays is undoubtedly the greatest of literary problems, and it cannot be belittled by an article such as the review in your columns by Mr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, of Mr. James P. Baxter's solid work on the question.

The reviewer seems to have made a special study of the facts connected with Shakespeare's application for a coat of arms, and he is enabled to correct Mr. Baxter on one or two minor points regarding the application. His triumphant manner of doing this might lead anyone to suppose that he believed he had thereby established his hero's claim to the authorship of the plays. Another point on which Mr. Tannenbaum lays special stress is the praise of the Shakespeare works by various contemporary writers. In using this argument he quite ignores the fact that none of these writers, with possibly one exception, identifies the author with the Stratford actor, and this possible exception is by no means a clear exception. The phrase "our English Terence" suggests a pseudonym, if the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius. Mr. Tannenbaum's reasoning would be paralleled by stringing together a number of passages in praise of George Eliot's novels, and proceeding to argue that the author of the novels must have been a man of that name.

Dr. Charles William Wallace, who some few years ago discovered in the Record Office in London the document containing Shakespeare's Answer to Interrogatories in a petty lawsuit in which he was a witness, unwittingly proved conclusively that the actor was unable to write, because his name is written by a law clerk in law script, and the deponent made his mark beneath the signature.

Mr. Tannenbaum is greatly displeased with Mr. Baxter for distinguishing between the actor's name, Shakspere, and the author's pseudonym, Shakespeare or Shake-speare; but Mr. Tannenbaum's displeasure does not alter the fact that the difference does exist, and it exists quite as clearly as the difference between Tannenbaum and Rosenbaum.

The article contains the usual sneering suggestion that all Baconians are insane, though it is doubtful whether Mr. Tannenbaum would have dared to say this of von Bismarck if he had been in Germany during the heyday of the Chancellor's power.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 10, 1916.

A FINAL WORD ABOUT DIPHTHONGS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Always, when the follower of Schopenhauer's "Art of Controversy" finds himself with no hole to hide in, his procedure is that of the cuttlefish — the beclouding of clear water with much ink. So far has Dr. Vizetelly carried the process that it is needful to restate the issues he has so confused. These are:

"Our present letters do not show the diphthongal characters of *ch, sh, ng, th* and *zh*." ("Essentials of English Speech," by Frank H. Vizetelly, page 290.) I take it this means that the sounds indicated by the italicized letters were diphthongal in Dr. Vizetelly's best understanding of the subject at the time the book was written.

"Every one of the great dictionaries has decided that the sound of these letters [those italicized above] is diphthongal." (Ibid, page 291.) This seems to state in plain language that all the great dictionaries actually set forth that the sound of these letters is diphthongal.

These are the points at issue, these and these alone. In contradiction of Dr. Vizetelly's statements I arrayed against him every dictionary. Not daring — and he dares much — to deny their authority, he preserves a brilliant silence on both the points at issue, which must be taken as a tacit confession that he is wrong. This settles the controversy. It only remains for him to correct his book, quite useful in several other respects, in the light of the understanding that, I am sure, once imparted, will slowly dawn upon him — surely, but slowly.

His letter to THE DIAL of Dec. 9, 1915, Dr. Vizetelly opened by observing of his book that his "remarks . . were written to bring out the fact that . . the diphthongal characters of the digraphs *ch, ng, sh, th,* and *zh,* would be better indicated by ligatured symbols than by plain letters." Having arrayed against this restatement of the diphthongal characters of all these digraphs, except *ch,* every

phonetic authority, quoting volume and page, it pleases me to find him citing not one authority against that array in his letter of Jan. 6, 1916,—not one. As he has cited pretty nearly everything else he could think of which does not bear directly upon this point, I take it that he is on his dilatory way to conviction that he is wrong. And he is—grotesquely wrong. For he has chosen the use of digraphs to represent elementary sounds as an excellence of the alphabet he is apologizing for, when it is a weakness. It may well pray to be defended from such a friend. This, too, will eventually come to him.

A paragraph, "(4)," in his latest letter requires attention as bearing upon the main question and not upon matter wholly extraneous. In it Dr. Vizetelly says: "nowhere in my book do I individually say 'most phoneticists analyze this sound [that of *ch*] as a combination of *t* and *sh*,' as Mr. Rice asserts. It is true that the words appear upon page 291 of the book, but there *they are quoted from the edition of 'Webster's International Dictionary.'*" The italics are the good Doctor's; as usual when he italicizes, it is to shout something that he ought not to whisper. Here the book follows the quotation from Webster with a sentence of his own, "This being the case, let us be guided by the expert phonetist." "This being the case," it might seem to those with understanding, can mean only that Dr. Vizetelly does individually say what his letter with equal explicitness denies he has said individually, while the words "expert phonetist" mean nothing more or less than that the authority quoted is, in his individual opinion, an authority which has his individual endorsement. Possibly, however, judging by other positions he has taken, his categorical statement that the case is "this" signifies that he individually believes it different. What his personal views on the subject of *ch* chance to be at this moment, provided he has any, is a matter for smiling conjecture.

Only less confusing are Dr. Vizetelly's partial quotations from three dictionaries, ignoring five others, regarding the meaning of the single word *diphthong*. No one doubts that the words *consonantal diphthong* mean "a blending of two consonants in one syllable." That is not the point in issue; the noun without its modifying adjective means only "a blending of two vowels in one syllable." The use of the noun and adjective in the definition from the "New English Dictionary," quoted in parenthesis, emphasizes the point; so do the two instances of use brought forward to support it. This is no less true of the citations from the other two dictionaries. If Dr. Vizetelly had quoted the instances of use or had allowed their weight to enter his understanding, he might have admitted the correctness of my position. He might, I say; there is nothing in his controversial method to make me think he would.

As for the rest, it is without the issues. Where I have been corrected in errors of fact when the haste of an instant reply compelled my reliance upon impressions rather than demonstrable facts, I am thankful, as I have been for correction throughout life; these errors, however minor, I shall not have to repeat or ignore by way of proving my possession of understanding.

WALLACE RICE.

Chicago, Jan. 11, 1916.

[With the publication of the above letter the controversy between Mr. Rice and Dr. Vizetelly must terminate, so far as THE DIAL is concerned, as we are unable to devote further space to the subject.—EDITOR.]

VARIANTS IN A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the January 6 number of THE DIAL one of your correspondents, Mr. Crawford, quotes "The Twelve Days of Christmas" at length. He says the version was given him orally and that he has never seen it in print. By a curious coincidence these verses were published as a children's game by Mr. George E. Johnson in the December (1915) number of "Something to Do," an excellent new juvenile magazine.

Mr. Johnson gives a slightly varying version which it is interesting to compare with Mr. Crawford's. His final stanza is:

"The twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree."

Mr. Johnson's "twelve lords a-leaping" are not so absurd with "eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, and nine drummers drumming." Indeed, it seems quite natural behavior under the circumstances!

It is amusing to note how the oral transmission has changed the "four colly birds" of the one verse into the "four colored balls" of Mr. Crawford's, and even the "six geese a-laying" into "six chests of linen."

VERA ANNETTE PRICE.

Bucyrus, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1916.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have been interested in reading the review, in your issue of Dec. 9, of Mr. Lewis's book, "Sport, Travel, and Adventure." If anyone is to blame for not including stories and adventures of every traveller, it is the Publisher! Mr. Lewis, a member of my staff, had the opportunity of quoting from over one hundred and fifty volumes published by this house, and therefore all the books from which he has quoted bear my imprint. If you will refer to the Bibliography, you will note that the Editor has quoted from fifty-four books. In several instances the books are by American authors for whom I have published in England.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

London, Dec. 29, 1915.

The New Books.

The Verse of the Brontë Sisters.*

There was a time in Victorian days when readers slaked their thirst for an innocent melodrama with the novels of Charlotte Brontë, when her hysterical rhetoric, the plaintive heroines, and their black-browed suitors (of mysterious past) moved readers to strange and deep emotions. Those days are gone, and with them the peculiar thrill. The demoniac laughter of "Jane Eyre" and the nun-like spectre of "Villette" stir us no longer, or, at most, move us to irreverent though indulgent mirth. And yet, despite the changes of literary fashion, there has been no decline in the Brontë stock. The age which allows George Eliot to moulder on forgotten shelf has preserved the fame of Charlotte and practically created the fame of Emily Brontë. Volume after volume about them issues from the press. Their works are published in sumptuous "library editions"; their lives are written by Mr. Shorter, M. Dimnet, and Miss Sinclair; there is a "Brontë Society," with its own series of publications; the microscopic romances, in the fabrication of which the sisters passed away a lonely hour of girlhood, fetch magnificent sums in auction-rooms; the moors of Yorkshire have become "the Brontë country"; and now Mr. Benson, gathering up all their verse, puts forth a volume entitled "The Brontë Poems."

The Brontës, in a word, have become a fad. They have entered a sphere with Chatterton, Blake, and Byron, where interest in an author's literary work merges into a larger but perhaps less legitimate interest in his whole story, his life and environment, and mere literature is viewed in the light of the whole. The explanation is simple enough. The Brontë story challenges the imagination. It is as though the spirit of Byron had mingled with that of Miss Alcott, and then projected itself against the bleak background of the northern moorland. There is a bitter realism in the story at times, suggestive of Balzac or even of Zola, but the whole is softened by the spirit of girlhood and is solemnized by the atmosphere of a brooding fate. To much of this Emily Brontë gave enduring expression in "Wuthering Heights"—crudely, to be sure, but with amazing power. Charlotte Brontë, forgetting her pedagogic primness, expresses it at moments, but never fully. For the complete revelation of it, you must know the Brontë story.

Now it is for its connection with this story that most readers will open Mr. A. C. Benson's reissue of the poems. They are by no means new to the world. The sisters—as every one knows—put forth their first volume of verse in 1846; the verse has been reissued in various forms, and additions to it have appeared at various times. Mr. Benson, who has had access to the Brontë papers, can add but little that is new: six poems by Charlotte, two by Emily, and five by Anne. This is hardly an event in literary history, for the poems now first published contain nothing particularly significant, and a perusal of the entire volume will but remind the average reader that the Brontës have become very old-fashioned. The poems, with one or two notable exceptions, derive their interest not so much from their intrinsic merits as from the significance lent them by the circumstances out of which they spring.

The Brontës were all, by common inheritance, versifiers; none of them was a poet, though Emily and, at times, Anne produced poems. The lack which is felt throughout the work of them all is that of discipline. There is surely some subtle hereditary relation between the vice of Branwell's life and the vice of Charlotte's style. In the poems, as in the novels, emotion is everywhere astir, but it is crude, frequently callow, self-conscious, wholly uncontrolled, and always plunging into language, wreaking itself upon expression, set down hurriedly in all its rawness, never, by any chance, recollected in tranquillity. With the Brontës, to experience an emotion is to express it. They consume no smoke, and therefore a collection of their verse must always remain a somewhat murky record of their riot of emotionalism. After reading them for a while one longs for the professional touch again, and turns to Landor or to Mr. Bridges, to Hellenism and discipline and an experienced artist's control of technique. The atmosphere may be colder, but it is clearer. The *nocturnes* and *études* of the Brontës are passionate and moving, but the performer is for ever striking a false note. Emily, for example, can write about the stars in a really beautiful and affecting way:

> "I turned me to the pillow then
> To call back night, and see
> Your worlds of solemn light again
> Throb with my heart and me."

She could write that, and then she could add:

> "The curtains swayed, the wakened flies
> Were murmuring round my room,

* Brontë Poems. Selections from the Poetry of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell Brönte. Edited, with Introduction, by Arthur C. Benson. With portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Imprisoned there till I should rise,
And give them leave to roam."

The same slovenliness of technique, the same passion spoiled by rawness, appear in the poems of Charlotte. Her lyric, "He Saw My Heart's Woe," now printed for the first time, might come straight from the most lurid pages of "Jane Eyre":

"Idolator I kneeled to an idol cut in rock,
I might have slashed my flesh and drawn my heart's best blood,
The Granite God had felt no tenderness, no shock,
My Baal had not seen nor heard nor understood."

There are the diction and the emotions with which the pen of Jane once acquainted us; you may find it in your heart to wish the passage tempered down, but you cannot deny its passion — and then, suddenly, all sinks into prose and bathos:

"Now Heaven heal the wound which I still deeply feel;
Thy glorious hosts look not in scorn on our poor race;
Thy King eternal doth not iron judgment deal
On suffering worms who seek forgiveness, comfort, grace."

Of all the Brontë group the one who came nearest to self-restraint was Anne. She, the gentlest of them all, craves direction and control, finds it in her Christian faith, and submits herself to the higher power. Her verse is prevailingly religious, her moods less stormy than Emily's, her notes few and simple, reminiscent of eighteenth century hymnals and, in particular, of the poetry of William Cowper. Her verses to the memory of that poet are something more than a young girl's sweet tribute to a favorite; they are instinct with the very spirit which she admires in her master, and it is pleasant to feel that among all the verses written in his honor none would have gratified the recluse of Olney more than these. It is the spirit of Cowper, moreover, that moves in what is almost certainly the best poem she ever wrote, the "Prayer," which ends,

"I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great;
But strength and love to thee belong;
Oh, do not leave me desolate.

"I know I owe my all to thee;
Oh, *take* the heart I cannot give!
Do thou my strength — my Saviour be,
And *make* me to thy glory live!"

If the name of Anne Brontë is to live in verse, it must, as she foresaw, be in some such simple way as this.

For verses such as Anne Brontë's our free-thinking times will have but little use; they will prefer those of Emily, for there is more resistance in her and therefore more passion. The abiding gloom of her poetry will seem natural enough to those who know her life-history; but it is always to be remembered that the despair which broods over poems springs not so much from the fear of physical suffering, which was hers in large measure, as from a certain horror at the misery of the general human lot. In her powerful lyric, "How Clear She Shines," she says:

"The world is going; dark world, adieu!
Grim world, conceal thee till the day;
The heart thou canst not all subdue
Must still resist, if thou delay!

. . . . . .

"While gazing on the stars that glow
Above me in that stormless sea,
I long to hope that all the woe
Creation knows is held in thee!"

This is the essential mood in her verse, this rather than the more pagan tone of the following poem (given in its entirety):

"One pause upon the brink of life,
Before it breaks in headlong strife,
Upon its downward road;
One insight through the waters clear,
Before their pictures disappear
In the fierce foaming flood."

But there was one experience which shattered Emily's life-long sadness, and lifted her to a plane of solemn joy, and that experience was death. In her last lines, "No Coward Soul Is Mine," she transcended herself, and lifted her dying voice in a pæan of faith from which the note of desperation has been banished by the calmness of eternity; and, though the verses have been hackneyed in every anthology and in every essay on her work, they must be quoted once again as a measure of all that was best in her and as gathering into one piercing ray all the broken lights of her earlier verse. The last two stanzas of this poem are these:

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou — Thou art being and breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed."

That is an utterance destined to survive. In the opinion of the present writer it is even destined to survive that popular creed of the present hour in which it is asserted, with more force than conviction, that man is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul.

Thus the poetry of the Brontës is prevailingly meditative. Their function is contemplation, not creation. To them the poet is not a maker of images, a teller of tales, a dreamer of dreams, or even the idle singer of an empty day. Their concern is ever with the commonplaces of the human heart, its fears, its faith, its sorrows and its plaintive hopes. None of the Brontës ever escapes from the prison-house of self, and the constant recurrence of such words as "dungeon" and "thrall" is significant of a profound defect in their poetry, self-absorption. This lack is the more remarkable in three poets who were also novelists. You will search their volume in vain for any evidence of that shaping power of the imagination which conceived the fabric of "Wuthering Heights" or for any of that dramatic vision which created Paulina or Adèle. And because of this lack of imagination — for such in a very profound sense it is — the poetry of the Brontës will always be the possession of a very few, and will remain a body of verse interesting chiefly as a lyric commentary on a group of lives, which, in their sadness, their isolation, and their sense of powers half-realized, mingle the gentle with the heroic and bring, at times, the actual very near to the high levels of tragedy.

CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER.

RECONCILING GOVERNMENT WITH LIBERTY.*

Many histories of human government have been written, and several histories of human liberty. It has remained for an American scholar to attempt a history of the age-long efforts of men to reconcile government with liberty. It may be doubted whether any American is more adequately equipped for the performance of such a task than is Professor Burgess. To a full knowledge of comparative government, accumulated through a long life of study and teaching, he adds a notably independent spirit and an exceptionally keen judgment. Whether or not the interpretation of men and events which he gives appeals to one as valid or final, one may rest assured that it is based upon carefully ascertained facts and conscientiously framed conclusions.

The sweep of Professor Burgess's book is almost as broad as the recorded history of the race. The volume opens with a survey of the effort of Asia and of Africa to "solve the problem," advances to a comprehensive appraisal of the efforts of sundry European peoples in the same direction, and concludes with a sketch of the experiments of the kind which have been, and are being, made in North and South America. So far as geographical range is concerned, the one striking omission appears to be the English self-governing colonies. It would seem that in any account of the evolution of liberty under law the constitutional systems of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa should be accorded a not inconspicuous place. No one of these names, however, even appears in the index of the present volume, although practically every Latin American country is there mentioned.

It was to be expected that the history of the relations of government and liberty in Asia and Africa would be recorded quickly. The two chapters devoted to the subject comprise less than one-eleventh of the book, and are taken up chiefly with summaries of recent political movements in Japan, China, Persia, and Turkey. It is the author's opinion that in the two continents mentioned the best efforts to harmonize government and liberty are those which have been made in the Mohammedan states, and that "had the subjects of these states been wholly Mohammedans by their own choice and conviction it is not impossible that these states might have gone much farther in this great work than they have." The hope is expressed that the Turks may yet attain the desired reconciliation.

In describing the efforts of Europe to harmonize government and liberty, the author naturally follows the order of chronology, beginning with the Greeks and the Romans and moving on to the establishment of the constitutional systems at present operative in the various states. Of the Greeks he is obliged to say that, on account of their confounding the state with government and their recognition of no sphere of individual immunity against governmental power, they did not even perceive with any degree of clearness that there was a problem of the kind here being considered. With regard to the Romans, it is pointed out that very early, in the drawing up of the Twelve Tables, there was the most complete solution of the problem of reconciliation which the world to that time had produced, but that in the subsequent history of the Republic, and especially of the Empire, the good beginning that had been made was not followed up. It is maintained that, contrary to a widely prevalent impression, in the political arrangements of the primitive Germans (as described by Tacitus) there appears no approach to a solution of the

* THE RECONCILIATION OF GOVERNMENT WITH LIBERTY. By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., Ju.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

problem, and that in the Germanic states of the earlier Middle Ages there was scarcely more approach to it, save in Anglo-Saxon Britain, and there only in the earliest days.

A detailed review of the history of the Middle Ages fails to disclose the condition sought; and a chapter on the growth of the national monarchies in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries demonstrates that in this great era liberty, even more completely than formerly, was sacrificed to government. In a somewhat prolonged survey of "the Revolutions"—beginning with the English Civil War in the seventeenth century and closing with the inauguration of constitutionalism in Russia a decade ago—it is maintained that, while in this period fairly adequate safeguards of the individual were established as against the executive, none of consequence were created as against the legislature. And the author pauses to expound the idea that a legislature may be just as despotic and as oppressive as a monarch can ever be. A legislature, he says, can be depended on to protect the individual

"only where the suffrage is limited to men of intelligence, character, and means, and eligibility to a seat in the legislative body is conditioned upon the same qualities. Where universal suffrage is the source of legislative mandate the legislative authority is a far more consummate despot than any king or prince has ever shown himself to be. Against such a legislature the individual is in the most helpless condition possible. It has rarely any sense of justice and is almost never influenced by considerations of mercy. It readily becomes the instrument through which brute force tyrannizes over intelligence and thrift, and seeks to bring society to an artificial dead level. Until a political system shall have provided the means for protecting the individual in his constitutional immunities against this most ruthless organ of government, it will not have solved our great problem. It will, even, in its transfer of the balance of governmental power from the executive to the legislature, have placed a more formidable obstacle in the way of its solution."

In the constitutions at present operative in Europe, Professor Burgess finds little approach to a solution of the problem in hand. Upon all sides he seeks evidence of the existence of a sovereign power, "organized back of both Government and Liberty, independent of both, supreme over both, the originator of both and the determiner of their relations to each other." Without some such primal and perpetual authority, we are told, there can be, at best, only a truce in the conflict between Government and Liberty. The results are not flattering. Every European constitution save the Swiss, it is asserted, "confounds the sovereign body with the Government or some part thereof in such a way as to leave no sphere for Liberty into which the Government may not, in some manner and degree, intrude." Furthermore, the indiscriminate extension of the suffrage in the various countries has been adding steadily to the tyrannical character of the legislative bodies; and the universal exaltation of the popular branch of the legislature, by introducing in effect the unicameral principle, is accentuating the tendency.

"In a single sentence, the unicameral Legislature with the existing electorate moves along towards the socialistic state and the socialistic state does not recognize any sphere of Individual Immunity defined and guaranteed by the Constitution against the powers of Government. I cannot, therefore, consider the present constitutions of the European states as offering any satisfactory solution of the great problem of the reconciliation of Government with Liberty. Liberty is sacrificed to Government in them all."

In his closing chapters the author turns to "the effort of America." So far as the United States is concerned, it is shown that, until recently, at any rate, the country exhibited a fuller measure of reconciliation of government and liberty than does any other State in the world. The completest harmonizing of the two great interests would have required some readjustments, but no radical or revolutionary changes. But, unfortunately, upwards of twenty years ago there set in a change, and since that time the trend has been rather steadily in the wrong direction. This shift came in consequence of the adoption of an imperial policy abroad (incident to the Spanish War) and of a paternal programme at home. Evidences of it which the author cites include both of the recently adopted amendments of the Constitution: the Sixteenth, which liberates Congress from all limitations in dealing with the property of the individual, and the Seventeenth, which removes the safeguards arising from the conservative structure of the Senate. "It is high time," Professor Burgess declares, "for us to call a halt in our present course of increasing the sphere of Government and decreasing that of Liberty." In Latin America the situation is found to be distinctly favorable. Six states—Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela—have made the declaration of individual immunities against governmental power a most important part of their constitutional law, and have vested in judicial tribunals power to protect the realm of individual immunity

against encroachment by any branch of government. In the reconciliation of government with liberty these six states have gone well beyond Europe. If their political civilization is backward, it is because of the character of their populations, not because of the theory of their public law. Argentina, it is declared, contains all of the factors necessary for a satisfactory solution of the problem of reconciliation.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

THE "WANING" CLASSICS.*

If Mr. Albert Mordell had come ten years earlier with his book on "Dante and Other Waning Classics," we might have praised him for having the courage of his conviction; we might have wondered at his audacity in trying to displace a mountain range with the push of his single shoulder. But opinion has moved rapidly of late. It is now pretty well understood that every new Novelist or Dramatist of the Dismal is superior to Shakespeare; and that all the Illuminati of Irregular Verse are better poets than Milton. The real heroes of criticism are those who cover the retreat of the disgraced classics.

Why cannot the modernists live and let live? Do they think that by eating their grandfathers they will acquire all their virtue and reputation? It was not always so. Literature presents the spectacle of a long procession of great writers holding by each others' robes, and, incidentally, with their hands in each others' pockets. Virgil pays Homer the flattery of continuous imitation. To Dante, Virgil is the highest type of human reason. Milton bows to "blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides." Even the leaders of a rival school, the earlier rationalists and realists, were true to their forbears. Voltaire held by the Greek tragedians. Pope and Dr. Johnson edited Shakespeare and praised him nobly. The great writers of the last century,—Goethe, Hugo, Scott, Tennyson,—prostrated themselves before their predecessors. Thackeray wanted to black Shakespeare's boots. In general, every one who has become an idol has been an idolater.

It is mainly the ideas of the writers whom Mr. Mordell attacks, their views of life, the cosmogonies and religious ideals which they embody, which he thinks effete, foolish, unfit for contemporary consumption. We do not believe that any great thought or speculation which has entered the world can die. It may be driven aside, and compelled to lead a subterranean existence for a time; but it almost certainly comes back or up. There must always be changes of opinion, revolutions. But the business of a revolution is to revolve, and it generally finds itself back in the same place. Take the ideal of feudalism, which Mr. Mordell thinks particularly obsolete. Two years ago it did seem to be comfortably buried. But it has pushed aside "the ponderous and marble jaws wherein we saw it quietly inurned," and has made a great struggle for existence. We all hope that it will be driven back into the tomb; but of its present vitality there cannot be a doubt. It is the same with religious ideas, Catholic or Protestant. The booming of the cannon seems to have deepened the notes of the church bells all over Europe. And occultism, supernaturalism! If a flood of books on such subjects is any indication, these dreams or illusions of man are coming back with a rush. It is quite possible that some of us may live to see witches burned again on Boston Common.

Even, however, if ideas can be permanently pushed aside, execution, the projection of great figures, the painting of wonderful scenes, the mighty or mysterious use of language, must retain their hold on the human mind. If we have no other use for the great writers of the past, we must go to them to learn how to write. With the possible exception of à Kempis, all those on Mr. Mordell's catalogue of incorrigibles were great executants. He allows Dante two great episodes and a few minor passages, and dismisses the rest of his poem as useless lumber. Well, Alfred de Musset said the same thing, and Landor and Leigh Hunt turned from the Florentine in sheer disgust. Such antipathies must always occur. But by the great and continually increasing voice of criticism, Dante is hailed as the man who has said more profound things, painted more vivid pictures, than any one else has ever done in an equal space. To object to the horror, the painfulness, of many of these pictures seems illogical in a writer who thinks so well of the work of Zola and Dostoieffsky. These later tragedians placed their infernos on the earth, whereas Dante concentrated his in a region of their own. Their effect on our feelings, we should think, would be the same in either case. Milton is another poet who condenses human experience and vision. There is probably more picture and music to the page in him than in any one since. Mr. Mordell objects to the figures of Sin and Death. To us they seem almost unparalleled in imaginative vigor. Even in the long later stretches of "Paradise Lost," which because of a lack of interesting

* DANTE AND OTHER WANING CLASSICS. By Albert Mordell. Philadelphia: Aeropolis Publishing Co.

matter are tiresome, there is always the high level of diction, the movement of a great tide of verse. Mr. Mordell does not find any message of importance in Pascal's "Thoughts." They do not pretend to be a system,—they are only scattered sparks, many of which, however, have kept alight to the present day. The great Pascal is the Pascal of the "Provincial Letters," who ought to appeal to Mr. Mordell because he was a liberalizer, a revolutionist, a miniature Luther. Indeed, he dealt a deadlier blow to Jesuitism than Luther did to Catholicism. Is Bunyan negligible? Is the man who stamped a number of images or visions,—the Slough of Despond, the Giant Pape in his Cave, Vanity Fair, the Delectable Mountains,—so firmly on the mind of his race that literature and art have been incessantly repeating them ever since,—is such a writer a nobody? We do not believe it. And St. Augustine! The Catholic Church is largely founded upon him, and the Catholic Church is surely a present verity. Besides, the very germ of all modern philosophy, Descartes's "I think, therefore I am," is in St. Augustine. This alone would make him important.

Mr. Mordell has the real reading which makes a full mind; he has a trenchant style and a lawyer-like expertness in putting his case. It is unpleasant to have to differ so totally from him. But what would he have? If, like Prospero, we must bury the Book of the Magic of the Past, and accept the modernists at their own valuation, what guarantee have we that to-morrow there will not be a crop of neo-modernists who will declare the others antiquated. If we regard what is taking place in art to-day, this is exactly what will happen. Novelists will be as soon out of date as newspapers, and poets will hardly outlast the full moon that inspires them. Permanence of fame, what we are accustomed to call literary immortality, will be a jest. We presume the modernists are out for permanent fame. Criticism ought to, and mainly does, concern itself with contemporary production; but it ought also to hold fast by what it knows to be abiding.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

In two volumes of "Notes of a Busy Life" Mr. Joseph Benson Foraker has sketched his experience of three years in the Union Army, three years on the Bench, four years as governor of Ohio, and twelve years in the senate of the United States, dealing with political events of importance and with many national characters met in connection therewith. The work is promised for January publication by Messrs. Stewart & Kidd Co.

BELGIUM'S AGONY.*

Neutrals are constantly finding ground for optimism in the fact that all the belligerent nations in the present war are exceedingly anxious to justify themselves before the supreme court of public opinion. Frankly, anyone condemned to read much of the polemic that has been raging since the war began has need of keeping this consolation before his eyes. To the neutral American mind the verdict in the case of the violation of Belgium has never hung in the balance. We accepted the first statement of the German chancellor, and have seen no reason to change our decision. Yet both sides continue to thunder diatribe and recrimination. Both sides quote Goethe's words: "Truth must constantly be re-stated, for falsehood never ceases to whisper in our ears." As applied to much of the "literature" (with apologies to that noble word) on the subject, this citation seems almost blasphemous. It is probably impossible at this time for any of the belligerents, at least, to utter that truth of which Goethe spoke. A rapid survey of a few of the recent discussions of the Belgian case must suffice here.

Not long after the outbreak of the war the Belgian government appointed a commission to investigate the alleged violation of the rights of non-combatants. The reports of this commission, sifted from the testimony of eye-witnesses under cross-examination, are heart-rending; evidence can be found in them to substantiate all the atrocities with which we are only too familiar. Let us hope that they are greatly exaggerated; but the proclamations of the German General Staff are hardly reassuring. For instance: "In future the localities nearest to the place where similar acts [the destruction of a railway line and telegraph wires] take place will be punished without pity: it matters little if they are accomplices or not." Louvain and Belgian villages in ashes are a terrible commentary on this pitiless punishment.

* REPORTS ON THE VIOLATION OF THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS and of the Laws and Customs of War in Belgium. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

BELGIUM, NEUTRAL AND LOYAL. The War of 1914. By Emile Waxweiler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE TRAGEDY OF BELGIUM. An Answer to Professor Waxweiler. By Richard Grasshoff. Illustrated. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM. By Alexander Fuehr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A JOURNAL OF IMPRESSIONS IN BELGIUM. By May Sinclair. New York: Macmillan Co.

THE LOG OF A NON-COMBATANT. By Horace Green. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

BELGIUM'S AGONY. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

BELGIAN POEMS. Chantes Patriotiques et Autres Poèmes. Par Emile Cammaerts; translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. With portrait. New York: John Lane Co.

Last December M. Emile Waxweiler wrote from Switzerland a book which, published simultaneously in French and German, has been widely read in Europe. The title of the American edition, "Belgium, Neutral and Loyal," gives a fair idea of the contents. There is nothing really new in the book; but at least the author is to be congratulated for having maintained, nearly always, a tone of moderation. Even in the concluding chapter,—a discussion of the German methods of war,—he deliberately refrains from citing the testimony of eye-witnesses, which, he realizes, may often be exaggerated; he confines himself instead to a discussion of the German military manual and its remorseless application to Belgium.

Herr Richard Grasshoff's "The Tragedy of Belgium" is more painful reading. It is an abusive answer to M. Waxweiler, and falls by its own violence. The book attempts to prove that the Belgian government has only its own treacherous machinations to thank for the national calamity. The government is accused of having deliberately encouraged a guerrilla warfare which obliged the pacifically disposed Germans to stern measures of repression. The object of the government is stated as having probably been to supply to its official commission material for fabrications in regard to outrages committed by German soldiers. The reader wonders, on finishing the tirade, what connection the contents have with the title. There is nothing to indicate that the book is a translation: if, as one suspects, it is the same author's "Belgien's Schuld" in English dress, the new title, apparently meant to sweeten the pill for American readers, will scarcely tend to increase our confidence in the argument.

Mr. Alexander Fuehr's "The Neutrality of Belgium" has at least the merit of being written in judicial tone. The book attempts to prove, first, that England has always been the power behind the Belgian nationality, that she has unscrupulously used the smaller nation for her own ends, and that, before the outbreak of the war, Germany had sufficient evidence that Belgian neutrality had become a dead letter. (For which, see the Brussels documents.) Second, that the treaties providing for Belgium's neutrality have, by the law of nations, been void for many years, and have been so considered by England; third, that even had any treaty been in force, Germany would have been justified in invading Belgium under the particular circumstances. The particular circumstances are, of course, the famous German necessity. The author, a doctor of law, supports his position by citations from English and American jurists. His arguments seem scarcely disingenuous to the lay reader, who is inclined to hope that the jurists concerned would disavow this application of their thought, and observe that the devil, under stress of necessity, can quote Scripture.

It is pleasant to turn from these controversial volumes to one or two books which have value as human documents. In her "Journal of Impressions in Belgium," Miss May Sinclair tells with no little humor the experiences of a British Red Cross Corps in its infancy. It was given to her to see little or nothing of the actual fighting, and she relates only what she has seen or felt. Her account holds the reader by the lively portrayal of the members of the Corps, and the reaction on them of the scenes behind the firing lines. When one lays down the book, one knows the whole staff as thoroughly as one knows any of the characters of Miss Sinclair's novels; and they are people whose acquaintance is even better worth making.

In "The Log of a Non-Combatant," Mr. Horace Green gives a vivid account of the adventures of a newspaper correspondent in the midst of the fighting and in Germany. He came into intimate relations with Belgian, British, Dutch, and German soldiers, and later with the German people. His anecdotes are keenly interesting in themselves, and illustrate national and personal characteristics that stand out even in the stress of war. As he was bent on missing nothing, and was not always provided with all the necessary credentials, time never hung heavy on his hands for lack of excitement. In an appendix he discusses briefly the "atrocities," and is inclined to believe that the reports of unprovoked *personal* outrages have been greatly exaggerated.

In reviewing Zweig's study of Verhaeren for THE DIAL some weeks ago, I wrote of the poet's last works: "This singer of force, of universal energy working with common interest toward cosmic progress, finds a higher ideal still—the union of humanity by universal love and admiration which joins men in their common purpose and musters individuals and nations into a common cause—the striving for the onward march of life. . . We need not wonder if his bitterness knows no bounds to-day." The volume entitled "Belgium's Agony" is the first expression of his feeling to reach America. The English version, well executed in spite of occasional slips, contains a short notice of M. Verhaeren's earlier work, and three war poems

not yet translated. The first and best of these poems, "La Belgique Sanglante," is filled with the spirit of his last *ante bellum* verse, and foreshadows his great disillusion. It strikes poignantly the key-note of the book, which, with its brief but loving sketches of Belgian landscape and homes before they were laid waste, throws over the present horror a lurid light that no official report could give. From the devastation two sentiments arise in Belgian hearts: first, pride in their country's heroism and the firm faith that she will emerge with a strengthened ideal; second, a bitter hatred of the ruthless invader.

The last chapters form a terrible indictment of that invader. In M. Verhaeren's view, Germany has a barrack-bred culture but no civilization, for civilization means a sense of honor that outbalances egotistical interest, a spiritual force which is the negation of brute force. Germany's awful and sinister mission is to let loose her hordes upon Europe, whose ideals have left her far behind. For the sake of world-domination she must crush the individual life of other nations, and destroy all art, past and present, that is not her own. She would mould genius itself in her own image. She believes her organized culture to be the last word of modernism, and forgets that the religious tyrants of the dark ages tried to impose it by not dissimilar methods. At bottom the only difference is that the one tyranny was religious, the other is civil. As Spain of the sixteenth century, imbued with the spirit of Africa, sowed in each of her soldiers the lessons of cruelty, so Germany to-day, imbued with the spirit of prehistoric Asia, inculcates terrorism as a potential offensive weapon. There is no more honor or chivalry; but only treachery, cruelty, and lies; the enemy's every action is known to cloak a crime. Germany's utter indifference to ideals is revealed in the attitude of her statesmen toward international relations. Even when she presented her ultimatum to Belgium, she came prepared for huckstering, talking of profit and loss as on the stock exchange. Finally Germany's effort to spread her culture, born of the past, is diametrically opposed to "the spirit of to-day, wrought of pride and liberty, wrought of human reason and human idealism, wrought of an emotion infectious and splendidly dangerous, which is little more than a hundred years old, and the strength and brilliance of which time has not yet brought fully to light." Such, in substance, is M. Verhaeren's bitter indictment of the invaders of his country.

Lovers of poetry should welcome an introduction to another Belgian bard; and the slender volume of "Belgian Poems" by M. Emile Cammaerts will not, we trust, pass unnoticed in the hurly-burly of war books. The poems are published in French, with translations of varying success on the opposite page. It is to be hoped that translators of foreign poets will more generally adopt this form of presentation, which has long been used in France for the classics. Most of the English versions are due to Madame Cammaerts. The collection contains war songs, Christmas carols, and poems of love and domestic felicity. Perhaps the most striking feature of them all is their directness and simplicity. The poet feels this quality, and says, as he explains the purpose of the book (the proceeds are to purchase tobacco for the Belgian soldiers):

"J'ai mis ici des naïvetés
Dont les moqueurs se gausseront.
Ma lyre tinte d'une corde, mon vers cloche d'un pied
Et je n'ai guère d'inspiration.

. . . . . .

J'ai mis ici mon coeur tout nu —
Que m'importe qu' on raille!
Pourvu qu' Ils fument une pipe de plus
Sous la mitraille."

The spirit of the war poems is that robust joy in the consciousness of moral strength that rings through M. Verhaeren's work. Here is a stanza from a stirring marching song, "Le Drapeau Belge":

"Rouge pour la pourpre héroïque
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Noir pour le voile des veuves
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Et jaune pour l'orgueil épique
Et le triomphe après l'épreuve."

One of the most striking of the patriotic pieces is the following, entitled "Les Renforts de la Mort":

"Il est une armée mystérieuse
Qui ne saurait périr,
Et dont les ombres silencieuses
Hantent notre souvenir.

. . . . . .

C'est l'armée de ceux qui sont morts
En maudissant les Allemands,
Et dont les invincibles renforts
Vengeront le sang innocent."

Those who would turn aside from the horror and hatred of war will prefer the last two-thirds of the volume. For them let us cite in closing this stanza from "L'Enfant":

"O, mystère, mystère de ton âme d'enfant!
Combien j'ai honte de si mal deviner,
Combien je rougis d'être grand
Auprès de mon bébé!"

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

Recent Romantic Plays.*

Perhaps the most conspicuous trait of recent drama, viewed as a whole, is the tendency toward wide experimentation. In this respect our time resembles the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Then, as now, there was a keen and rapidly growing popular interest in the theatre, which drew writers of all sorts, including some whose natural gift was far from dramatic, into playwriting. Novelists like Lyly and Greene, lyric poets like Peele, satirists like Nash, moralists and classical scholars like Jonson and Chapman, were all driven into dramaturgy. Then, as now, determined attempts were being made to use the drama for educational and moral purposes. Many of the experiments were abortive, but all were more or less instructive as to what can and what cannot be done in a play. Nothing could furnish better evidence than this wide experimentation that the drama to-day is intensely alive. Our poets, novelists, reformers, and social philosophers would not be trying to reach or move the world through an art which was in a moribund or decadent state. It seems reasonable to hope that the present rather chaotic condition of the drama may issue in some great and permanent achievement. The strongest current is undoubtedly in the direction of realism; but there are eddies and cross-currents worth taking into account. Whatever the triumph of realism, it will always be one of the functions of the theatre to take us away from the commonplace world into some land of enchantment. It is perhaps rather significant that Mr. John Masefield and Mr. Edward Sheldon, both of whom started out as realists, have turned in their latest plays to romance.

Mr. Sheldon, indeed, has gone — or tried to go — all the way to fairy-land. "The Garden of Paradise" is a much amplified dramatic version of Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid." Its prose is graceful, but a little too everydayish; the story cries out for the diction and harmony of verse — or else for a prose which, like Andersen's, has *simplicité*, and not, like Mr. Sheldon's, *simplesse*. Mr. Sheldon's simplicity, as well as his plot, is over-elaborated. The charm of such a story is a delicate and evanescent thing,—

> "Frail as are the wings that grace
> Thistledown or butterfly."

Even great literary talent, combined with the best will in the world, cannot catch it and magnify it and embody it for us on the stage. Only a master of what Addison called "the fairy way of writing" could hope to touch it without losing something of its secret. Of living dramatists, Hauptmann alone, perhaps, could succeed in the task. It is no mean praise of Mr. Sheldon to say that he has not entirely failed,— that though he has loaded his story with details, he has contrived to keep a little of its wistful charm. But he is not at his best in this kind of writing; he is inclined to make his mermen and mermaids talk, as Addison says, "like people of his own species, and not like other beings, who . . think and talk in a different manner from that of mankind."

Mr. William Lindsey's "Red Wine of Roussillon" takes us back to the twelfth century in Provence,— the time of troubadour and crusader. Raimon, Count of Roussillon, has for two years been absent in the Holy Land, and is reported to have fallen in battle. He was sent thither to do penance for a deed of violence; in love with Seremonda, he had slain her bridegroom at the altar, and forcibly married her. In his absence she has fallen in love with his young friend Guilhem, a nobleman and a troubadour; but Guilhem declares his love only after they have received apparently certain news of Raimon's death. At the very moment of his declaration, Raimon has arrived in the village, and is on his way to the castle. Seremonda begs Guilhem to flee with her, but because of his friendship with Raimon he refuses; and to save the situation, it is agreed that Guilhem shall pretend to be in love with her sister Guida. But the jealousy of Seremonda, who perceives that Guida really loves Guilhem, is aroused; and when the troubadours are entertaining the household after dinner, by a preconcerted signal she commands Guilhem to declare in his song his love for her. The catastrophe is only postponed by the intervention of the priest Aimar; it finally involves the death of the lovers and of the madly jealous count. Except for a little slowness in the exposition, Mr. Lindsey has handled his plot well, making the most of its strong dramatic moments. The crisis scene,

* The Garden of Paradise. By Edward Sheldon. New York: The Macmillan Co.
Red Wine of Roussillon. By William Lindsey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Beau of Bath, and Other One-Act Plays. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
The Romancers. By Edmond Rostand. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Samuel French.
The Fairy. By Octave Feuillet. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Samuel French.
The Immigrants. By Percy MacKaye. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
Armageddon. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co.
The Faithful. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

in which Seremonda, by the sign of suddenly breaking her fan, forces her lover to a public declaration, would be impressive on the stage; and others, such as the return of the count, and his appearance at the castle after slaying Guilhem, are almost equally strong. The play is written in blank verse, which though it falls short of greatness is vigorous, flexible, and free from affectation of archaism,—a far better medium than prose for a story of this kind. The characters, even the minor ones, are distinct and individual. Yet in spite of these great merits, the play somehow leaves one a little cool. The reason, I think, is that the interest is not sharply focussed; the emphasis is divided too evenly among the principal characters, with the result that though we sympathize with them all, we do not sympathize intimately or passionately with any of them. The most attractive figure is that of Guilhem, but he is presented to us less fully than either of the others.

Verse far more sensitive, and exquisitely adapted to its purpose, is that of Miss Constance D'Arcy Mackay in "The Beau of Bath, and Other One-Act Plays." This little volume contains six short dramatic sketches, written in rhymed couplets of exceptional finish and charm. They present incidents, real or fancied, in the lives of famous eighteenth century people. Beau Nash, old and broken, is playing solitaire beside the grate on Christmas Eve; he falls asleep, and in his dream the Lady of the Portrait comes down and talks with him of their old unspoken love. Fanny Burney is caught by her uncle revising the manuscript of "Evelina," after he has been telling her of the success of the book, and has promised that she may read it if he thinks it proper for her. Avis Linley, years ago disappointed in love through the interference of her brother, helps her niece to elope with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. All of these situations are lightly and charmingly sketched, with a keen sense of dramatic values; but the best of the pieces are the last two, "Counsel Retained" and "The Prince of Court Painters." In the former Peg Woffington takes refuge from her admirers in an open casement, and finds herself in the shabby chambers of Edmund Burke, then poor and unknown. In the second, George Romney, broken, ill, and forsaken by his court friends, asks for charity at a cottage door in the country, where lives the deserted wife of his youth, still proud of his fame and faithful to his memory. Neither at first knows the other; and their gradual recognition is presented with extraordinary delicacy and dramatic skill. The plays are intended primarily for amateurs, but they would furnish opportunity for the most finished professional acting.

The convenient and inexpensive series of "The World's Best Plays," edited by Dr. Barrett H. Clark, includes translations by the editor of two French plays which trifle agreeably with romantic motives,—Rostand's "The Romancers" and Octave Feuillet's "The Fairy." The former is so well known in America as to need no comment here. The latter is a graceful one-act piece the scene of which is a cottage on the border of the enchanted forest of Broceliande. The fairy, one rather regrets to say, turns out to be an ingenious young lady who wins her lover by means of very natural magic.

Mr. Percy MacKaye's lyric drama, "The Immigrants," is the libretto of an opera, the music for which has been written by Mr. Frederic S. Converse. The theme is strikingly expressed in the speech of Noel, an American artist, as the immigrant ship enters New York harbor:

> "America, dear motherland of men,
> Age after age lodestar of immigrants,
> Hark to these peoples crying in the mist!
> Here where you loose your cities on the sea,
> Leviathans of lightning — spire on spire,
> Palace and hanging garden of the waves,
> Whose spacious splendors house the lords of life —
> Here, under all, cramped in their vitals, swarm
> The seekers after life — the slaves of toil,
> With hearts of yearning. O remember these —
> And feed the awful hunger of their hearts!"

A group of Italian peasants, gay and poor, are beguiled by a commercial agent, who uses a moving-picture show as bait, to leave their homes and seek better things in America. They are helped by the young artist, and exploited by the agent,—a beast who attempts to seduce the girls. They find sweatshop labor, wretched food and quarters, and at last imprisonment and death. Mr. MacKaye is necessarily handicapped somewhat in treating the theme by the requirements of the operatic form. Scammon, for instance, the agent, loses reality when he begins to sing in lilting measures,—a strange siren! But though the piece does not represent the author at his best, it contains eloquent verse and a number of attractive lyrics.

The recent death of Stephen Phillips lends a melancholy interest to what is probably his last play. On the whole, in treating of war, the realists have the better of it. "Armageddon" is a strange and sad fulfilment of the fears expressed in "A Poet's Prayer" (published in "New Poems," 1907):

"Desert me not, when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away, and virtue fails,
. . . . . .
And I, from splendour thrown, and dashed from dream,
Into the flare pursue the former gleam.
. . . . . .
Else shall thy dreadful gift still people Hell,
And men not measure from what height I fell."

No criticism of "Armageddon" could be more exact or more severe than this prophecy. Even to the letter it has been realized. Mr. Phillips still had vigorous rhetoric at his command; he was visited still by intermittent gleams of poetry. But in this play he has "peopled Hell" (the scene of the prologue and epilogue) with demons who speak not in the large accents of his Prometheus, but in the rant of Tamburlaine.

"Arise now, Massacre! Thou favorite daughter,
Got in adultery 'neath a moody moon,
Awaken to the smell of infant blood!"

"Into the flare" with a vengeance! The scenes which represent Germany at war are sorry caricatures. The best part of the play is the scene in which the French, Belgian, and British generals express their national points of view; and even here the inspiration flags, and drama is sacrificed to rhetoric.

Against a background of early eighteenth century Japan, Mr. Masefield's "The Faithful" tells a story of cruel wrong and revenge. Asano, a noble and enlightened Daimyo who has devoted himself to his people, has struggled long against the aggressions of his enemy Kira, an upstart lord who has grown rich and powerful at the expense of his neighbors. By coldly calculated treachery, Kira provokes him to an act of violence which brings upon him the condemnation of the Emperor's envoy, and death. Asano's friend Kurano is prevented by a device of his wife's from being present at the fatal meeting. On hearing of it, he devotes himself, his son, and a handful of Asano's followers to the sacred duty of revenge. He puts away his wife, who might hinder him in his purpose, and to blind suspicion he feigns madness. The wives and children of his followers slay themselves to leave their lords unhampered in the great design. All Asano's friends are driven into outlawry. At last the moment arrives. Kira is once more visited by the Emperor's envoy; and confident in the sanctity which the Presence gives to his palace, sends away his guards. Kurano and his followers surprise him as he is dallying with a woman, and magnificently courteous, request him to kill himself with the dagger of Asano. Kira's courage fails him, and he dies on the sword of Kurano. Then, over the grave of Asano, the faithful receive and execute the Emperor's sentence upon themselves. In its motives of revenge, pretended madness, and the rejection of love through consecration to a terrible duty, the play obviously recalls "Hamlet." But Kurano is troubled by no doubt or hesitation; he waits only till the moment of opportunity, then swift as meditation or the thoughts of love he sweeps to his revenge. In style and feeling, the play is closer to classic tragedy than to romance. No death takes place on the stage. There are only two scenes, between which the action alternates: the open country near Asano's castle, and a room in the palace of Kira. The atmosphere throughout is one of gloom, unrelieved except by the triumphant fulfilment of vengeance. The play is written in grave and quiet prose, austerely simple; yet through it there swells a mighty and restrained rhythm, as of a distant and muffled drum-beat, breaking at the end into the trumpet-call of the Herald who brings to Kurano and his warriors the message of death. Only a great poet could create a prose like this,—sonorous in its very plainness, charged with profound feeling, and accurately right in its reticences and its overtones. The fragments of grave and meditative song which are scattered through the play are woven into the very texture of the style. They are not external ornaments: they frequently express the deepest emotions of the singer. Thus Chikara, son of Kurano, after he and his father have resolved that the hour of vengeance has come, sings:

"Sometimes, when guests have gone, the host remembers
Sweet courteous things unsaid.
We two have talked our hearts out to the embers,
And now go hand in hand down to the dead."

The theme of the play is best expressed in Kurano's "death-poem,"—which is a single sentence: "Evil is very strong, but men who will give their lives are stronger." Revenge to Kurano is not merely a personal matter; it is the redressing of a great wrong. It is the Dark Tower of Childe Roland's quest; to which the way leads through a desolate and cruel region; for which, though it is ugly in itself, all human bonds must be lightly sundered, and life itself is a trivial price, to be paid exultantly. Dark as is the tragedy of the story, therefore, its total effect is not depressing, but, like that of all great tragedy, uplifting. Mr. Masefield has written admirable poems, but none finer than this dramatic poem in prose.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Recent Fiction.*

Ever since the immense popularity of "Waverley," the historical novel has had a sort of prescriptive right to be. Scott showed clearly how delightful it was to read, and the novelists soon found out how delightful it was to write. I believe it was Gibbon who pointed out that any honest gentleman who wanted to write a book could write a history, for there was the subject matter all ready to hand. In like manner, anyone who wanted to write a novel had at once some sort of interest ready-made in the charm and color of some bygone time. It is true that ideas conventionalized a good deal, especially in the matter of mediævalism; knights, ladies, squires, pages, outlaws, friars got to be stock characters which became wearisome, while the imitation of mediæval language became an imbecile jargon which even Stevenson called "tushery." Into this placid convention Mr. Maurice Hewlett tossed "Richard Yea-and-Nay," which surprised and delighted people with the idea that life in the Middle Ages was as real as at any other period.

Miss Johnston's "Fortunes of Garin" is a novel of the later type. It is not lacking in romance, but it has reality as well. Reality, in this case, is not a question of historic accuracy,—though general accuracy is good, probably necessary; it is a question of vitality. One must conceive of the thing in terms of life, which doubtless demands knowledge. So Miss Johnston realizes her setting and her characters,—the great cathedral, the feudal castle; the squire and the jongleur, and all the rest of the stately pageant or panorama which passes before us. They must be real places and people, and not vague conventional forms and figures coming from an imagination stimulated by readings and dreamings. Miss Johnston has been most successful; from the very beginning one feels that here is a romance that might be of our own day, except for the strange and curious garment of the body and the soul of the men and women therein. Yet it is not absolute realism. Such a book probably must be always somewhat decorative, conventionalized though not conventional. We can hardly know that life so well as to permit the utterly true truth. It must always be rather like a fine tapestry than like an absolute picture.

Such a book is a real achievement. This one is the story of the poor squire and the great lady; of the troubadour, Garin of the Golden Isle, and the Princess of the Fair Goal; also of a man and a woman living in far away Provence during the Crusades, when life was far more broken up and mixed than we think who view it through the simplifying media of history and recollection of history. It is a well-written book; like "The Witch," it has less of the semi-lyric note than some of Miss Johnston's books, and therefore (we would say) more of a definite matured character. It is a fine book, and not to be vaguely undiscriminating we add that it is not one of the few finest. It may be that Miss Johnston lacks the intensity of imagination necessary to fuse everything in one great impression. She often appears to us a little too meditative, contemplative, for a great novelist,—more like an essayist on the one hand, or a lyric poet on the other.

If Miss Johnston's book is a fair try at the best that an historical novel can be, Mr. Farnol's "Beltane the Smith" is a very different matter. It may be that the author would not wish to have his book thought of as an historical novel, and it is certainly true that it is nothing of the kind. But just as surely as "The Fortunes of Garin" derives from the sound and fine idea in "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward," so does "Beltane the Smith" derive from what in itself was (and still is) good in the hand of a master and an original mind, and yet slight and childish in the hand of one who handles it merely as one would handle the puppets of a marionette show. It is no harm (and indeed it is most delightful) for a child to be enthralled at the first imaginings of knights and outlaws, tournaments and greenwoods; but it is hardly worthy the time of an adult reader to continue through pages of imaginings suggested thereby.

That there is something more in "Beltane the Smith" is undeniable, but that something is a hindrance rather than a help. It concerns the serious side of the book, however foolish it may seem to anyone to imagine that there is one. Nobody need bother to run a tilt with a man who really tries to present the labors of a young fellow who devotes his life to making a bad world good. Such people are too rare in life, and it is good to read of them. But the trouble with "Beltane the Smith" is that it is not genuine; it is a mere sham. Beltane is not a young man "versed in woodcraft and ancient philosophies"; there is not a single line in the book which shows any woodcraft or philosophy on his part or the part of the author. He is not a young man who goes forth in the service of Jesus Christ with the (mistaken) notion that the

* The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Illustrated. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Aladore. By Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

main thing in His message was "that He came 'not to bring peace on this earth but a sword.' For good cannot outface evil, but strife must needs follow." He is but a blundering young fellow of the type of hero brought into painful prominence twenty-five years ago by Mr. Stanley Weyman. He is no more genuine than the jargon in which his story is told. Nor does the author take his own figures seriously; he knows there is nothing to them, and makes no attempt to realize any of the superficial sentiment that occasionally occurs to him, or even the various situations which he imagines. Helen, Duchess of Mortain, goes out at night into the wood to seek the young smith whom she had kissed that afternoon in a little visit she had made to the greenwood for that purpose. A good while afterward, Beltane, who has been wandering about with the same Helen under the disguise of a young knight, finds out who she is on seeing her as she comes out of a woodland pool and lets down her hair. In neither case does Mr. Farnol give us any idea that we have more than one of the ordinary events of life, in "that period when Love and Valor were life's mainspring."

It might seem that much the same sort of thing should be said of Sir Henry Newbolt's "Aladore." But among many differences between the two books, there is this one, which would be enough were there no others: in "Aladore" the author has really in mind as the chief thing the spiritual quest of his hero, and takes the imaginative form which he does take merely as a form; while with Mr. Farnol's book the reverse is the case,—he takes the form and mentions a spiritual quest as a substance which he now and then feels is needed to give reality, and the result is, that while in "Beltane the Smith" we have much conventional bashing and blundering with no significance at all, in "Aladore" we have some very singular pregnant conceptions in the form of imaginative though sometimes whimsical action. Beltane going forth to right the wrongs of Pentavalon at the behest of his father turned hermit is a figure of no real significance. But when Ywain goes forth from his estate with the child, it gradually dawns on us that in his search for something more satisfying than wealth and power he is really guided by the freshness and sincerity of his own youth.

The thing shows even in language. It is not necessary to say that "Aladore" is written in any form of the English language that ever was actually spoken or written. But even if not, Sir Henry's dialect is a dialect of his own (like William Morris's), the result of actual familiarity with old forms and old literatures. We may not like it: when he says that the hermit threw his crumbs out to "dunnocks and finches" we may prefer some other names for the birds,—dyke-snowler, for instance, or the more familiar hedge sparrow. The words or phrases may not be really archaic: "cot and lot, barn and balk," says the book; we never heard the latter phrase, but if not remembered it is a good imagination. If the book says "laylock bushes" it is a pleasure to remember that current Americanisms are often descended from English dialects. So all the way from the idea at the very core to the language on the very outside,—one may test the book and find it ring true; one may find something that actually arose in the mind of the poet and therefore makes the mysterious effect upon our own minds.

So much, though it leaves out all but innermost kernel and outer shell, should be enough to send to the book most of those who would be likely to enjoy it. Sir Henry Newbolt is best known to us as a poet; everyone knows his "Admirals All." His poetic romances are not so well known, but they are equally well grounded in an intuitive perception of some of the things that are great in life. We ought to mention, also, the drawings of his sometime co-worker, the Lady Hylton (with apologies for our own affectations of language), which are very much in the spirit of the romance.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The evils of secret diplomacy.

"How Diplomats Make War" (Huebsch) is the title of a book recently published which many of its readers will feel has appeared at the moment when it was most required. Amidst the high pressure of emotionalism in which sane judgments are at a premium, and strong opinions on one side or another are regarded as inevitable, it is well to be reminded that quarrels between nations, as between individuals, are usually due to "faults on both sides." The "British statesman" who is the anonymous author of this book has collected a mass of evidence drawn from the various manifestos of the warring countries as well as from the parliamentary reports of questions addressed by British members to the Prime Minister and foreign secretary; all going to show that undue secrecy as to the commitments of the government had been preserved during the half-dozen years preceding the outbreak of the

war. The indictment is indeed a serious one. The whole principle of democracy is involved in the question as to whether it should be possible for the government of a country to commit its people to *ententes* and alliances that may lead to international conflict, without the full knowledge and consent of the representatives of the people. To admit the legitimacy of such irresponsible action is to throw away the only guarantee we possess against the evil of autocracy and to abandon the entrenchments of popular liberty that have been laboriously erected during the last hundred years. The chief service which this book renders to those who wish to see all round the problem of the original causes of the war, lies in its suggestion that there is a case for Germany as well as for Britain and her Allies. The author supplies statistics with a liberal hand, going to prove that the estimates for army and naval enlargement and construction on the part of the Allies during the past few years have been considerably in excess of Germany's, and that Mr. Churchill's proposal for "a naval holiday" as between Germany and Britain, while France and Russia were increasing their armaments, was one that Germany must necessarily have declined. If it is true that, without the knowledge of the people's elected representatives and in spite of questions repeatedly asked and answered in the negative, the Cabinet committed themselves to certain courses of action that could only be interpreted by Germany as a policy of isolation and unfriendliness, then the British people should know of it, and decide once for all whether their parliamentary institutions are for the future to be made secure against the recurrence of such violations of the first principles of constitutional government. Believers in the laws of causation cannot regard the hatred in which Britain is held by Germany as without adequate foundation, and an attitude of diligent heart-searching would undoubtedly be the most becoming one for the people of the United Kingdom. The time has come when nations, like individuals, must learn that not only is honesty the best policy, but that openness and sincerity and friendliness produce like feelings in other nations, and that daylight is the one sanative influence under which the germs of suspicion and distrust and hatred will never develop.

The psychology of individual differences.

Doubtless the most widespread psychological interest is that shown in the observation and comparison of the widely differing traits of individuals. From it have sprung the doctrine of temperaments, and the pseudo-sciences of phrenology, physiognomy, and palmistry, not to mention the older astrological speculations. Recently it is manifest once more in the numerous attempts, by a "mental diagnosis," to predict for the individual the pursuit for which his talents best fit him. These attempts very largely ignore the plasticity of the mind, and the consequent adaptability of the individual to a varying environment. They assume at the outset that the mind is a rather rigid mechanism, and that the individual must fail unless he promptly finds his particular niche in the social and business worlds. These attempts all masquerade under the title of "efficiency,"—a term which, as someone has said, "should no longer be permitted in polite society without a chaperon." Of recent books on the psychology of individual differences, one of the best is Professor Joseph Jastrow's "Character and Temperament" (Appleton). It will convince the reader that there is not as yet any trustworthy short cut from theory to practice. General psychology gives a good outline map of the main features of the human mind. This must be filled in with numerous details in order to afford an account of the human diversities included in the terms "character" and "temperament." Of these Professor Jastrow gives a qualitative account. In the babe a functional trait is little more than the strength and direction of an instinct. This remains as its foundation, but it later develops into a generic reactive tendency or a factor modifying such a tendency. At this higher level of development, human traits are described in the text, though brief mention is made of the instinctive root of each one, except perhaps in the intellectual traits such as the sense of detail, aptitude for construction, power of abstraction, "gift" in language or mathematics, originality, shrewdness, "common sense," etc. The conclusion is drawn that the differences in traits between men and women, and between white, black, or red races, are comparatively small and overlap. The widest differences are individual ones. Individual white men of similar ancestry and environment differ from each other in any one ability more, for example, than the average difference in that trait between men and women. Yet differences small in amount may be large in effect. What factors or elements of a trait are due to heredity and what to environment or training? In answer to this question some physical "unit characters" are named; but it is thought "hardly plausible though not impossible that musical ability, like eye color, is a factor absent or present, through the absence or presence of a factor in the germ.

With even more complex traits, such as mathematical ability or a keen moral sense, the probability grows still less." While deferring somewhat to the extreme opinion that there is no such thing as general intelligence, Professor Jastrow inclines to the view that there is a common aptitude for different types of mental work, and a common fund of energy at whose expense mental work is done. The tests of the laboratory are not, perhaps, so successful as those of life in determining individual differences, yet the former tests give us hope of eventual success. Possibly the greatest difference among men is that of energy and its emotional counterpart, courage. The differing mental traits of the sexes are discussed at length, and also the relation of character to the environment. The attentive reader will find that the book supplements the outline of general psychology in many important respects.

A book of reminiscent gossip.

So sound a critic as E. C. Stedman pronounced one of Miss Kate Sanborn's books "breezy and fascinating," and perhaps he was not extravagant. But one wonders what he would have said of her "Memories and Anecdotes" (Putnam). Certainly it is breezy; but more than that cannot be said for it. It is the thinnest of gossip,—so thin that even large type, and illustrations, and gratuitous quotation do not succeed in impressing the reader. It might serve as a substitute for an idle hour of reminiscence with a garrulous and egotistic old friend; but it hardly deserves to be called a book. These are hard words; yet softer ones are not easy to find. Referring to the criticism offered by a professor at Dartmouth, Miss Sanborn writes: "I needed his precautions about spreading myself too thin, about being less flamboyantly loquacious, and subduing my excessive enthusiasm and emotional prodigality." Yes, and this popular lecturer and writer of books needs his precautions, at this late day, more than ever. Her language is shabby in an age when all writing tends to the journalistic; she tells mere nothings with infinite and wearisome "breeziness" ("gusto" would not serve for her flitting mood); she has not even mastered English grammar (witness, for example, the confusion of "who" and "whom" on pp. 65 and 145). In her favor is the wide experience she has had in her work, in many States of the Union. She has seen, not without shrewdness, one or two of the greater and many of the lesser lights of her day. Here is Bryant: "What an impressive personality; erect, with white hair and long beard; his eyebrows looked as if snow had fallen on them." Here is Alcott: "Alcott made some most remarkable statements, as: 'We each can decide when we will ascend.' Then he would look around as if to question all, and add: 'Is it not so? Is it not so?' I remember another of his mystic utterances: 'When the mind is izzing, it is thinking things. Is it not so? Is it not so?'" Whitman discusses, in his own way, and in the presence of Frances E. Willard, the subject of temperance: "He declared that all this total abstinence was absolute rot and of no earthly use, and that he hated the sight of these women who went out of their way to be crusading temperance fanatics. After this outburst he left the room. Miss Willard never alluded to his fiery criticism, didn't seem to know she had been hit, but chatted on as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. In half an hour he returned; and with a smiling face made a manly apology, and asked to be forgiven for his too severe remarks." There are too or three other passages of equal interest,—but all too few.

Irish emigrants in many lands.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's "The Irish Abroad" (Dutton) is an extended account of what the sons of Erin are doing in various parts of the world, with an introductory chapter on the conditions which forced the Irish to seek homes in foreign lands. The author finds his countrymen almost everywhere; but the greater number of Irish emigrants appear to have settled in English-speaking countries,—America, Great Britain, and the self-governing British colonies. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the many rebellions against English rule in Ireland led to a considerable migration to the Continent, especially to France, in the armies of which Irish exiles, in thousands, found service; to the history of this interesting movement, and to the achievements of the Irish in France, the author gives several chapters. Mr. O'Donnell's work is somewhat encyclopædic in character, and contains a great mass of important information; but, unfortunately, he has not always been careful to verify his statements, and consequently many errors have found their way into the book, particularly into the chapters that deal with the Irish in our own country. We are told, for instance, that Irish settlers came to America "in the seventeenth century, when about a thousand, mostly Puritans from all parts of Ireland, went to Maryland under the leadership of John Winthrop, and, in 1630, founded Boston, which has been Irish in the main ever since." It may be true that eighty per cent of the American Revolution-

ary army in 1782 was composed of Irish-Americans, but we should like to see the evidence. With the statement that "there are few names in history deserving of more praise" than that of Andrew Jackson, we do not wish to quarrel, though it seems an exaggeration. But it really does startle one to read that Mr. Bryan ran for president as the "advocate of monometallism as opposed to the present system of bimetallism." It is also interesting to note that the story of the Irish in South America is made part of a chapter on "famous Irishmen in the United States of America." Americans of Irish ancestry will be interested in Mr. O'Donnell's book; but it is possible that some of them will object to his statements that when the Irish parliament becomes a reality, Ireland will "bury the hatchet for good," and that "in the present crisis — the Great European War — the sympathy of every true-born Irishman in the United States is entirely with England and her Allies."

Two fresh introductions to Browning.

When Robert Browning died, twenty-six years ago, the question heard most frequently and discussed most hotly in literary circles was this: Will Browning's poetry live,— will the next generation give him as high rank as is given him to-day? There were those who were ready to assert that it was the Browning societies that had made Browning's reputation,— an opinion worthy to stand by the side of the statement of the Stratford coach-driver who said to the present reviewer: "We don't think much of Shakespeare in this town; it's the Americans that have made Shakespeare." Time has settled the old doubts; and however much lovers of poetry may differ as to "favorite poets," few indeed will deny that the world's verdict writes Browning's name very near the top of the list. But this is not to say that he is as easy to read as some others; it makes considerable difference through what poems of his you approach him, — a fact which has been recognized by numerous writers of "Introductions to Browning" during the past quarter-century. Two excellent guides have lately appeared,— Professor William Lyon Phelps's "Browning: How to Know Him" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), and Professor Vernon C. Harrington's "Browning Studies" (Badger). Although the two books have the same purpose, they are quite different in type. To the general reader, Dr. Phelps's volume is the more interesting. Though scholarly, it is not pedantic: foot-notes there are none. Fifty well-chosen poems are published entire, to furnish material for discussing Browning's theory of poetry, his aim and method, his leading ideas, his fondness for paradox, and the nature and basis of his optimism. Hence it is an agreeable, as well as an instructive, volume for the general reader as far as it goes. But, since the purpose seems to have been to include only such poems as could be given entire, we have nothing of "The Ring and the Book," almost nothing from the dramas, and nothing of "Paracelsus" except some of its lyrics. To find fault with a writer of so much humor, charm, and knowledge as Dr. Phelps is somewhat ungracious; nevertheless the question arises: Can anyone really "know" a poet without considering his masterpieces? Are these not needed to justify Dr. Phelps's own statement: "With the exception of Shakespeare, any other English poet could now be spared more easily than Browning"? — Professor Harrington's book is derived from lecture courses given to college students. It is frankly academic in type, bristles with foot-notes, is divided into almost endless heads and subheads. Consequently it is a book for the student, rather than for the general reader,— a reference book for the library shelf, rather than a volume for consecutive reading. For the purposes indicated, it is admirable. For example, it would be difficult to find a more helpful discussion of "The Ring and the Book" than in the fifty pages given to it here. Professor Harrington calls this work "the most soul-satisfying piece of literature I have ever read. In spite of all its defects . . by its passion, beauty, and wealth of color, and in its marvellous grasp of human nature, it can be compared only with the great operas."

The fall of a German outpost in China.

The expulsion of the Germans from Shantung by the Japanese, though insignificant in comparison with many of the other operations of the Great War, may prove to be one of the most important in its after-effects. Mr. Jefferson Jones, the only American civilian eye-witness, who accompanied the Anglo-Japanese force, has described the episode in "The Fall of Tsingtau" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The story is not a very thrilling one. The garrison of forty-five hundred was doomed from the first, and the delay in forcing the issue was due to a desire to save life or, we are told, to political conditions in Tokyo. Yet one must regret that lives were sacrificed, and that the attractive German outpost in China had to be demolished by friend and foe. More interesting than the account of the military operations are the comments of the author on the viola-

tion of Chinese neutrality by the Japanese, on the subordinate position of the British contingent, and on the lack of sanitation and discipline in the Japanese force. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the general situation in the Far East, especially as regards the recent Sino-Japanese treaties. Mr. Jones is a severe critic of the late Japanese diplomacy, and he apparently must be numbered among the journalists who have adopted a pessimistic view of China's future. One of his chapters is entitled "The Passing of China as a Sovereign Power," and he is of opinion that "at half-past 1 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, May 9, China, the oldest nation in the world, passed under the virtual domination of Japan." But in the last chapter we learn that "New China . . gains strength day by day." Mr. Jones also believes that the real issue between Japan and the United States is not immigration but the attitude of the two governments toward China; but happily "there is no real ground for apprehension, no real cause for alarm in the relations existing between the United States and Japan." If "The Fall of Tsingtau" runs into a second edition it is to be hoped that the publishers will include a map, for surely there are some readers who cannot easily turn to a large-scale map of the Shantung Peninsula.

The relation of insects to disease.

The growth of knowledge regarding the relations of insects to many forms of disease has been so great in the past fifteen years that earlier entomological treatises are wholly inadequate in their presentation of this aspect of the relations of the arthropods, the greatest of the groups of animals, to human health and welfare. Indeed, the available material in this field is now so abundant and so varied that the merest presentation of the important principles involved in these relationships, of the more salient facts, and of the most striking illustrations, will in itself make a book of considerable size. It is in the selection and condensation of such material that the "Handbook of Medical Entomology" (Comstock Publishing Co.), written by Professors W. A. Riley and O. A. Johannsen of Cornell University, notably excels. The perspective of relative values so difficult to establish in the infancy of most great advances in knowledge is here not only adequately determined but also well maintained throughout the work. The author discusses the growth of knowledge of insect transmission of disease, rather too briefly in the matters of recent history, and then proceeds to the systematic discussion of the several types of relationships which insects bear to disease in man. The first of these, often omitted in treatises of this kind, deals with arthropods which are directly poisonous, including the biting, stinging, nettling, and vesicating insects, mites, and spiders. Then the truly parasitic mites, ticks, lice, bugs, flies, mosquitoes, midges, fleas, and chiggers are discussed, as well as those which occasionally temporarily adapt themselves to life on or in the human body. The most important chapters are those which deal with flies as carriers of typhoid fever, fleas of the plague or "black death," and mosquitoes of malaria and yellow fever, ticks of Texas cattle fever and relapsing fever and the fatal spotted fever of man, lice of typhus, and the tsetse fly and fleas of the widely spreading sleeping sicknesses of man and other mammals. Possible but not proved relations of insect agency for the transmission of infantile paralysis, leprosy, pellagra, and cancer are discussed but not accepted. There is a synoptic key for the determination of the insects concerned, a helpful chapter on household fumigation, and an extensive bibliography which omits some of the more important memoirs and includes others of slight consequence. The illustrations are well chosen, and generally well executed. The book deserves wide distribution as a concise and comprehensive manual of medical entomology suitable alike for the physician, the school, the general library, and as a text-book for university classes.

Fiction from ancient Egypt.

The historical novel crops out four thousand years ago on papyri bearing the tale of an Egyptian courtier, Sinuhe, who had adventures in Palestine long before the Hebrew nation existed. The eastern Mediterranean situation a thousand years later appears in the ostensible (or actual?) report of an Egyptian priest, Wenamon, who had been sent to the Lebanon to procure cedar for a sacred barge. Half way between these in time, Thutiy, a general of the pharaoh Thutmose III, is pictured as capturing Joppa by a stratagem suggestive of Ali Baba and the forty thieves. These and other types of Egyptian tales—a marvellous sea yarn, talking mummies, prodigies worked by magicians—are assembled in M. Maspero's "Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt" (Putnam). This volume, translated by Mrs. C. H. W. Johns from a revision of the fourth French edition of 1911, furnishes the most complete treatment of the subject now available. Even stories preserved only piecemeal and at second hand by Herodotus and later writers are included. M. Maspero, in a

very readable Introduction, establishes connections between the composite plots of these earliest known tales and more familiar episodes in the Old Testament stories, the Arabian Nights, and elsewhere, at the same time showing that their atmosphere and setting here are thoroughly Egyptian. The "revision" of the French edition is almost imperceptible, except that two useful indexes (lacking in the French) have been added. Each story is accompanied by an apparently complete bibliography; but some important additions since 1911 remain unmentioned, among them Vogelsang's voluminous commentary on "The Lamentations of the Fellah." This same tale, to M. Maspero apparently a mere "take-off" on the sorrows and volubility of the Egyptian peasant, has been well interpreted by Professor Breasted in his unnoted "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt" (1912) as a social tractate in disguise appealing for a more just officialdom. The translations of the tales from the Egyptian depend rather on M. Maspero's keen intuition, his own extensive studies, and his familiarity with modern Egypt, than on the grammatical principles which have been worked out, chiefly by German scholars, in the last decades. Occasional loss of coherence and of accuracy in detail results. Some points — for example, the name and location of the vale to which Bata fled (in the "Story of the Two Brothers," p. 9), the nature of the *ka*, and the meaning of the epithet "true of voice" applied to the dead (p. 84) — are better explained in other ways than those here adopted. Inconspicuous footnotes seem inadequate for distinguishing the actually surviving portions of the tales from skilfully paraphrased restorations of lost fragments. Any translation will involve some slips or misunderstandings. Mrs. Johns has, however, as in her previous translations of other worth-while books, well reproduced the spirit of M. Maspero's suggestive volume.

Mr. Belloc's war history: the first phase.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is known to the American public as an essayist, an historian, and the brilliant mentor of the still more brilliant Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It may not be so well known that he is a military critic of some repute, with a respectable term of service in the French army behind him. He has projected a history of the present European conflict in six volumes, collectively entitled "The Elements of the Great War," of which we now have "The First Phase" (Hearst's International Library). The book is one of unusual interest, for the author's lucid and logical mind, more French than English in its texture, brings out in sharp relief the salient features of a very complex situation. Indeed, the judicious reader may sometimes wonder if the whole matter is not being made too clear and easy for his readier comprehension. Mr. Belloc passes over the preliminaries of the war with a few pungent, slightly dogmatic, statements. Like many another, he is convinced that while Germany's military preparation had been continuous in a general way since the establishment of the Empire, she had been making specific preparations for the present war three years beforehand. The bulk of the book deals with the military movements down to Sept. 5, 1914, the eve of the battle of the Marne. The author's specialties are statistics and strategy. He has much to say about the relative sizes of the opposing armies, and believes that the Germanic forces greatly outnumbered the Allies in the early stages of the war. In the matter of grand strategy, the fight on the western front hinged on the efficacy of the French formation known as "the open strategic square," against the German long line with its enveloping process. This somewhat technical matter is delightfully elucidated with the aid of diagrams. Those who read "The First Phase" will await eagerly the forthcoming volumes of Mr. Belloc's work.

The story of Vassar.

The most recent volume in the "American Colleges and Universities Series" (Oxford Press) is a history of Vassar by President Emeritus Taylor and Associate Professor Haight. The authors present their facts from a point of view distinctly that of administrators; student activities are not omitted from the story, but they are somewhat slighted, and less attention is given to the influence of student and alumnæ criticism on the college development than strict fairness demands. Nevertheless, the book is interesting as giving an account of early days at the pioneer among American colleges for women,— days that have just been so enthusiastically recalled in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Feminists, educators, students, and the general public will all find matter for thought in this condensed history of yesterday's phase in the great struggle for women's freedom. Fifty years ago the founders of Vassar (Matthew Vassar was but one of a group of far-sighted enthusiasts) established a broad and sound basis for "female" development; they emphasized the need for physical training,— horseback riding and dancing, as well as walks and calisthenics; they insisted on "æsthetics," and a broadly conceived study of music and paint-

ing; they cried out upon all forms of superficiality; they pled with more conservative teachers and parents for the right of the Young Person to know the larger world; they stood unswervingly for non-sectarianism, and for a genuine democracy in the college life that in some of the later days of Vassar has been in danger of being forgotten. The struggles and inspirations of the sixties, the hardships and depressions of the seventies and eighties, the triumphant growth of the nineties and of the first decade of this century, are faithfully recounted,—though, as has been said, not quite fully. Nothing is made, for instance, of the awakening spirit among the students of some eight years ago, or of the still more recent developments in faculty organization that bid fair to put the college among fearless modern experimenters with the best of new scientific methods in education, a position which she certainly held at the beginning of her career and which she should as certainly, after the middle years of consolidation and organization, not hesitate to seize upon again. To an alumna who reads between the lines of the book, it is this unspoken hope for the future that remains as the clearest meaning to be drawn from the account of what has been accomplished in the past by unquestioning faith in woman's potentialities for a large and free self-realization.

Wagner as a dramatist.

"The Wagnerian Drama" (Lane), by Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is a translation of the writer's first book, "Das Drama Richard Wagners," which was published in 1892. There is nothing on the title-page to show that it is not a new book, the only indication that it is a translation is a note on page 94 signed "The Translator." Yet if the reader does not realize that the book dates back nearly a quarter of a century, he must inevitably wonder why the author says an undisputed thing in such a solemn way. Mr. Chamberlain's main thesis, so tediously reiterated, is that Wagner was not the reformer of the opera but the creator of the "Word-Tone-Drama" *(sic)*. That Wagner attempted to fuse drama and music is now a commonplace of knowledge; that he succeeded as a dramatist to anything like the degree that Mr. Chamberlain claims, few will be willing to concede. "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" is the only work of his which could maintain itself as a drama alone; it assuredly ranks among the best of German comedies. Mr. Chamberlain has in recent years married a daughter of Wagner, and has taken up his residence at Bayreuth. It may be presumed, therefore, that he is still in the attitude of adoring discipleship to the great master. But there would seem to be no adequate reason why this early work, never very perspicacious and now hopelessly out of date, should be offered at this time to the English-speaking world. The translation, moreover, is turgid and Teutonic, and gives one a most unfair impression of the author's really admirable gifts, which he has revealed elsewhere, as a German stylist.

Militarism in America.

President Hibben, in his Introduction to Major-General Wood's "The Military Obligation of Citizenship" (Princeton University Press), assures us that General Wood possesses expert knowledge and that it is available in this volume. However, the book is neither original nor profound: its chief authorities are General Upton and Old Light-Horse Harry Lee; its argument for preparedness is not different from that of the innumerable inexpert communications on the subject in our daily press. General Wood wants an army "sufficient for the peace needs of the nation," an adequate navy, adequate reserves, a good militia, and trained volunteers or citizen soldiers. He believes in universal compulsory service similar to that in Switzerland or Australia. But he does not approve of "militarism," and he defines that much-used and little-understood word as follows: "Militarism . . means the condition under which the military forces of a nation demand and secure special recognition, both socially and officially, and exercise an undue influence in the conduct of the civil affairs of the government, both at home and abroad." What is "undue influence" to an expert?

BRIEFER MENTION.

In an attractive little book entitled "Projective Ornament" (Rochester: The Manas Press), Mr. Claude Bragdon, the architect, suggests a new "form language" for the decorative arts, to be developed from geometry. He maintains his thesis more successfully by means of illustrations than by his text. This volume, added to Mr. Bragdon's "Primer of Higher Space," and "The Beautiful Necessity," will suggest to the decorative artist many new and beautiful, as well as artistic, forms of design.

Not often does one find so much sane and constructive thinking in so few pages as is contained in Mr. Percy MacKaye's "A Substitute for War" (Macmillan), previously printed in the "North American Review." War is picturesque; peace is drab. If peace is to replace war, it must be made handsome. This is to be done by organizing the armies of peace, and by properly symbolizing their

functions by utilizing the arts of the theatre and of pageantry to make them fascinating. The Panama Canal, a peace enterprise, captivates the imagination. Why cannot other constructive projects of society be made equally appealing? The rich fruits which followed a pageant at Saint Louis in 1914, produced under Mr. MacKaye's personal direction, convince him that it can and should be done.

"The Poet's Lincoln," consisting of "tributes in verse to the martyred President," is compiled and published by that zealous and well-informed Lincolnian, Mr. Osborn H. Oldroyd. He has collected in his two hundred and sixty pages many more Lincoln poems of merit than most of us suspected to be in existence. To trace them and, in many cases, their authorship, must have been a task. Dr. Marion Mills Miller contributes a valuable introductory chapter on "The Poetic Spirit of Lincoln," and the Lincoln portraits and other appropriate illustrations are many. Mention should be made of the worthy purpose of the book,—"to assist in preserving the collection of memorials now contained in the house in which Lincoln died, 516 Tenth Street, Washington, D. C." The volume is published by the editor, at the above address.

Many a shudder, for those who enjoy shuddering and are credulous enough to be made to shudder, may be had at small cost by purchasing and reading Mr. Hereward Carrington's "True Ghost Stories" (Ogilvie), a collection of curious tales from such sources as the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," W. T. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories," and Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." Mr. Carrington, who is an experienced ghost-hunter, intersperses original matter in the way of explanation and suggestion, and gives to his book that serious and plausible air which will make it all the more acceptable to the class of readers naturally attracted by its title. An appendix is devoted to "the phantom armies seen in France," and another to "historical ghosts." A short bibliography of miscellaneous ghost literature closes the book.

All scholars interested in folk-song, all Middle-Westerners, and all who enjoy things human, should find much instructive entertainment in a new number of the "Nebraska Ethnology and Folk Lore Series." Miss Louise Pound, Associate Professor of the English Language in the University of Nebraska, has prepared a syllabus of "The Folk-song of Nebraska and the Central West," which will be followed later by a complete collection of words and music. There is considerable technical value in this collection, providing as it does material for the study of the variations in common folk-songs. Besides this, the indigenous songs, such as "I Want to be a Cowboy," "The Little Log Shanty on the Claim," "Bury Me Not on the Prairie," "The Horse Wrangler," "The Kinkaider's Song," and the famous doggerel of the Cat Creek Glee Club, give the pamphlet an interest that will not fail to appeal to the general reader.

Notes.

A book of memoirs by Lord Redesdale will shortly be issued in two volumes by Messrs. Dutton.

Mr. Harold Bell Wright's new novel, "When a Man's a Man," is scheduled for August publication by the Book Supply Co.

"The Silver Spoon" is the title of a forthcoming novel by Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman, to be published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co.

A variorum edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited by Professor Raymond M. Alden, will soon be published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Charles G. Washburn has written a biography of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt which the Houghton Mifflin Co. announce for February publication.

"Held to Answer" by Mr. Peter Clark Macfarlane is announced by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. as their leading spring novel to be published some time next month.

The title of Mr. Owen Johnson's new book, dealing with his experiences with the French in the war zone, will be "The Spirit of France." Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Hugh Walpole, who has been serving with the Red Cross on the Russian front and witnessed the retreat from Galicia, has embodied his experiences into a romance which will be entitled "The Dark Forest."

Two historical accounts to come shortly from the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co. are "Petrograd: Past and Present" by Mr. William Barnes Steveni and "A Thousand Years of Russian History" by Mrs. Sonia E. Howe.

The story of the Roosevelt Scientific Expedition to South America has been written by Rev. J. A. Zahm (H. J. Mozans) and will appear this month with the Appleton imprint under the title of "Through South America's Southlands."

The second volume of the memoirs of the Russian writer Serge Aksakoff, comprising "A Family History" and "Years of Childhood," has been translated into English by Mr. J. D. Duff and is promised for early issue by Messrs. Longmans.

A new edition of "Why We Punctuate; or, Reason versus Rule in the Use of Marks," will be issued early in February by the Lancet Publishing Co. of Minneapolis. This work was published anonymously ("by a Journalist") nearly twenty years ago. It has now been entirely rewritten.

Mr. Robert Bridges has edited "The Spirit of Man," an anthology in English and French from the philosophers and poets, which Messrs. Longmans have in press. The book is a new kind of anthology, the quotations, prose, and poetry mixed together, being arranged in context, to exhibit the aspects of life on a spiritual basis.

Announcing that they have become Mr. Granville Barker's American publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will reissue next month in separate volumes three of his best plays, "The Marrying of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "Waste." The same firm will supply "The

Madras House" and "Anatol," and will also bring out a new edition of "Prunella," by Laurence Housman and Mr. Barker. A new book from Mr. Barker's pen will be announced shortly.

"A Short History of Europe," by Mr. Charles Sanford Terry, is announced by Messrs. Dutton. From the same house will come "A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems" by Helen Gray Cone, "In Pastures Green" by Mr. Peter McArthur, and "English Railways: Their Development and Their Relation to the State" by Mr. Cleveland Stevens.

Among some of the more interesting novels announced for publication within the next two or three months are the following: "Frey and His Wife," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett; "The Belfry," by Miss May Sinclair; "John Stane," by Mr. George A. Chamberlain; "Mrs. Belfame," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; and "The Rudder," by Mrs. Mary S. Watts.

A new serial by Mr. William Dean Howells will begin in an early issue of the "Century Magazine." It is called "The Leatherwood God," and the story, set in the backwoods of Ohio, is that of a religious imposter who proclaims himself first a prophet, then the Messiah, and finally, announcing that he is God, is almost convinced of his divinity by the worship of deluded believers.

A cumulative volume of all the numbers of "Information," a monthly digest of current events, is in preparation by the R. R. Bowker Co. for early issue. It will be a complete review of the history and happenings of a momentous year, forming a supplement to the latest encyclopædias. In the arrangement of contents the alphabetical plan will be preserved with ample cross references to allied topics.

"Nights: Rome, Venice in the Æsthetic Eighties; Paris, London in the Fighting Nineties," is the title of an immediately forthcoming volume of reminiscences by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with illustrations from photographs and etchings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, which Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish. It gives interesting accounts of Beardsley, Henley, Henry Harland, Whistler, and other literary and artistic friends of the Pennells.

A new edition of de Vogue's book, "The Russian Novel," is announced by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf. This notable work, which has passed through a dozen editions in France and has been translated into almost every European language, tells of the origin, rise, and progress of the novel and the circumstances by which it became the specific means of forming modern Russia, freeing the people and educating the governing classes. The work deals more especially with Pushkin, Gogol, Tourguénief, Dostoieffsky, and Tolstoy, and was chiefly instrumental in winning for its author a seat in the French Academy.

An addition to the "World's Classics" is promised in a collection of "English Critical Essays (Nineteenth Century)," selected and edited by Mr. Edmund D. Jones, who hopes to follow it with a companion volume representative of Renaissance and Neo-Classic criticism. The present collection extends from Wordsworth's essay on "Poetry and Poetic Diction" (1800) to Lowell's essay on Wordsworth (1875). Another forthcoming volume in the same series is an anthology of "English Prose — Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic," compiled by Mr. H. A. Treble, whose selection ranges in period from Thomas Malory and John Lyly to George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Professor John Christopher Schwab, librarian of Yale University, died on the twelfth of this month at the age of fifty years. He was born in New York City, entered Yale with the Class of 1886, and after his graduation studied a year at the University of Berlin and another year at Göttingen. In 1890 he became instructor in political economy at Yale, and in 1898 was made a professor. In 1905 he was chosen university librarian and he held that position until his death. Dr. Schwab was the author of two books, "The History of the New York Property Tax" and "The Confederate States of America," contributed to many economic periodicals, and was a member of the American and British Economic Associations and the American Library Association. He was to have been secretary of the committee which is arranging for a pageant next autumn in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the coming of Yale to New Haven.

In the death, on January 10, of Frank Howard Dodd, head of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., the American publishing trade loses one of its prominent members. Mr. Dodd had been in the publishing business from the time of his graduation from Bloomfield Academy in 1860 until his death. He was born in Bloomfield, N. J., and entered business with his father, M. W. Dodd, who founded a publishing firm in 1839 in Brick Church Chapel, Printing House Square. In 1870 he succeeded to the business, and with Mr. Edward S. Mead founded the present house of Dodd, Mead & Co. He was President of the American Publishers' Association for a number of years, was active in many civic organizations, and was a member of the Chamber of Commerce and a Trustee of the New York Kindergarten Association and the Greenwich Savings Bank. As president of the publishing house he established "The Bookman," in 1896, and "The New International Encyclopædia," in 1902.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 77 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

An Autobiography. By Edward Livingston Trudeau, M.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 322 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

A Short History of Belgium. By Léon Van der Essen, LL.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 168 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.

Alcott Memoirs. Posthumously compiled from papers, journals, and memoranda of the late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis by E. W. L. & H. B. 8vo, 108 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.

The Beloved Physician: Edward Livingston Trudeau. By Stephen Chalmers. Illustrated, 16mo, 74 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.

A History of South Africa: From the Earliest Days to Union. By William Charles Scully. Illustrated, 12mo, 327 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Journeys to Bagdad. By Charles S. Brooks; illustrated with original wood-cuts by Allen Lewis. 8vo, 140 pages. Yale University Press. $1.50.

Li Romans dou Lis. By F. C. Ostrander, Ph.D. 8vo, 154 pages. Columbia University Press.

Book-Collectors as Benefactors of Public Libraries. By George Watson Cole. Illustrated, 8vo, 66 pages. Chicago: Privately Printed. Paper.

Legends of Gods and Ghosts (Hawaiian Mythology). Collected and translated from the Hawaiian by W. D. Westervelt. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 263 pages. Boston: George H. Ellis Co.

The Penny Ante Club: A Partial Record. By Arthur J. Shores. 12mo, 89 pages. New York Editorial Service. $1.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Tale of the Armament of Igor, A. D. 1185: A Russian Historical Epic. Edited and translated by Leonard A. Magnus, LL.B. With frontispiece, 8vo, 122 pages. Oxford University Press.

Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915. By George Sterling. 8vo, 16 pages. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.75.

Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by Mera K. Jeff. Large 8vo, 15 pages. Cambridge: Galloway & Porter.

Yosemite: An Ode. By George Sterling. Illustrated, 8vo, 16 pages. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cts.

Tempted in All Points: An Historical Play in Three Acts and Three Visions. By Ralph Hall Ferris. 12mo, 157 pages. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.

Gladys Klyne, and More Harmony. By Charles Lynch. 12mo, 75 pages. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.

Circe: A Dramatic Fantasy. By Isaac Flagg. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 178 pages. East Aurora, N. Y.: The Roycrofters.

The Day of Battle: An Epic of War. By Arthur Thrush. 12mo, 60 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

A New Drama: A Tragedy in Three Acts from the Spanish of Don Manuel Tamayo y Baus; translated by John D. Fitz-Gerald, Ph.D., and Thacher H. Guild, A.M., with introduction by John D. Fitz-Gerald. 12mo, 152 pages. New York: The Hispanic Society of America.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. 18mo, 95 pages. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press. $1.

The Evanescent City. By George Sterling. Illustrated, 8vo, 16 pages. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 75 cts.

Oxford Garlands. Edited by R. M. Leonard. New volumes: Songs for Music; Epigrams. Each 16mo. Oxford University Press. Per volume, 25 cts.

On the Lake, and Other Poems. By Elizabeth Reynolds. With portrait, 12mo, 142 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.

Laurentian Lyrics, and Other Poems. By Arthur S. Bourinot. 12mo, 30 pages. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Paper.

FICTION.

Life and Gabriella: The Story of a Woman's Courage. By Ellen Glasgow. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 529 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

Clipped Wings. By Rupert Hughes. With frontispiece, 12mo, 404 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.35.

The Eternal Magdalene. By Robert H. McLaughlin. 12mo, 300 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

Peter Boston. By John Preston. 12mo, 352 pages. Omaha, Neb.: Published by the author.

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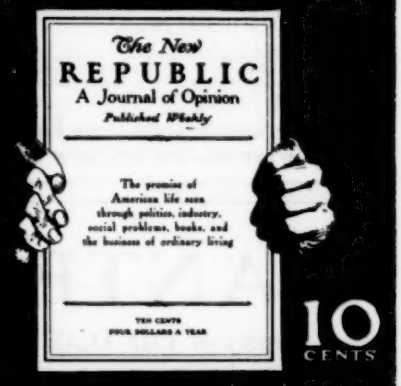

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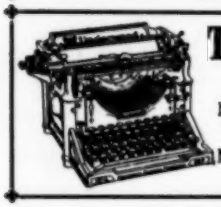

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